



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

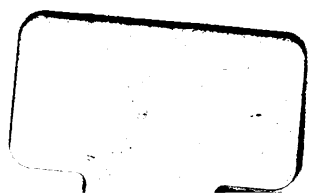
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

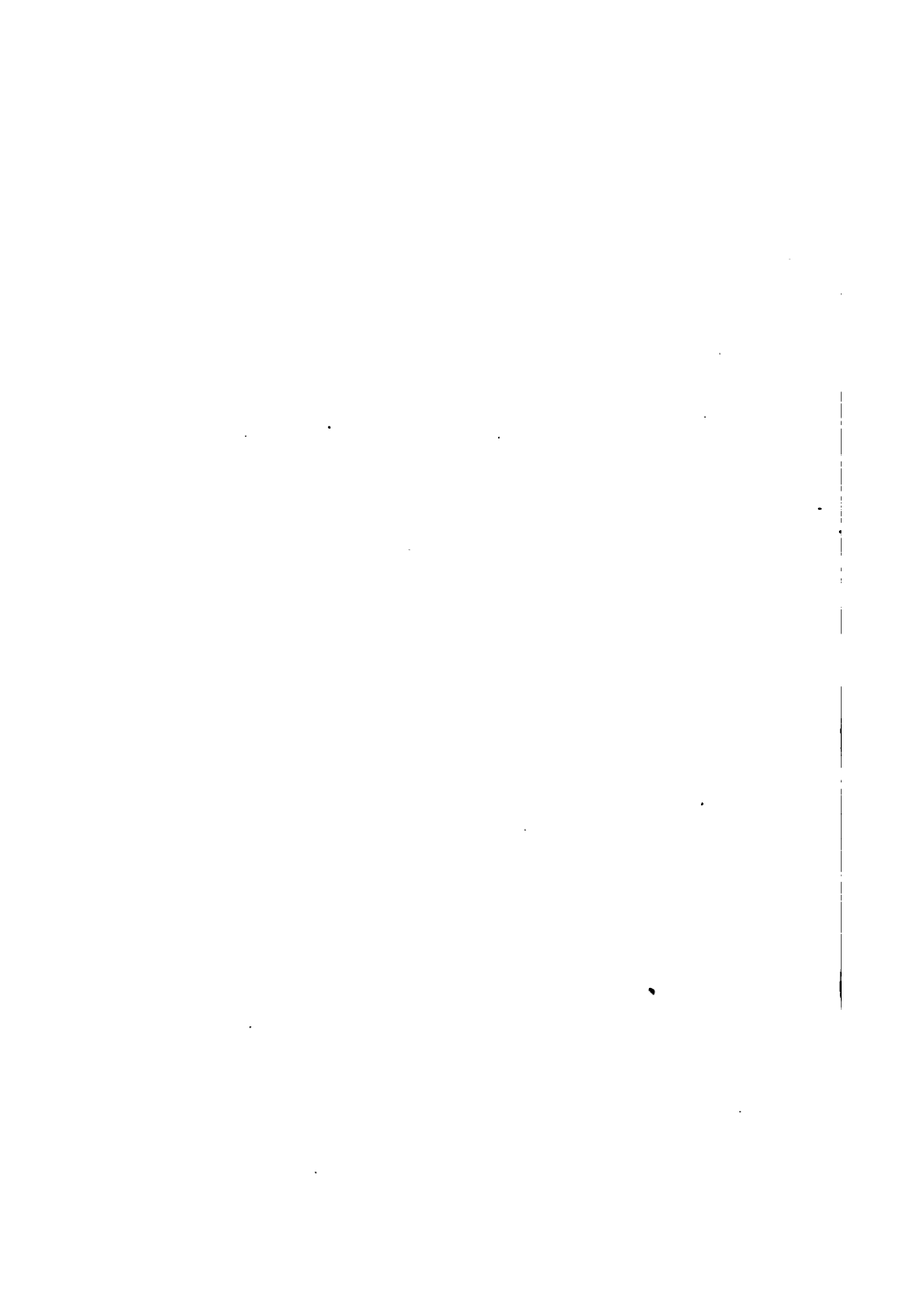


1900

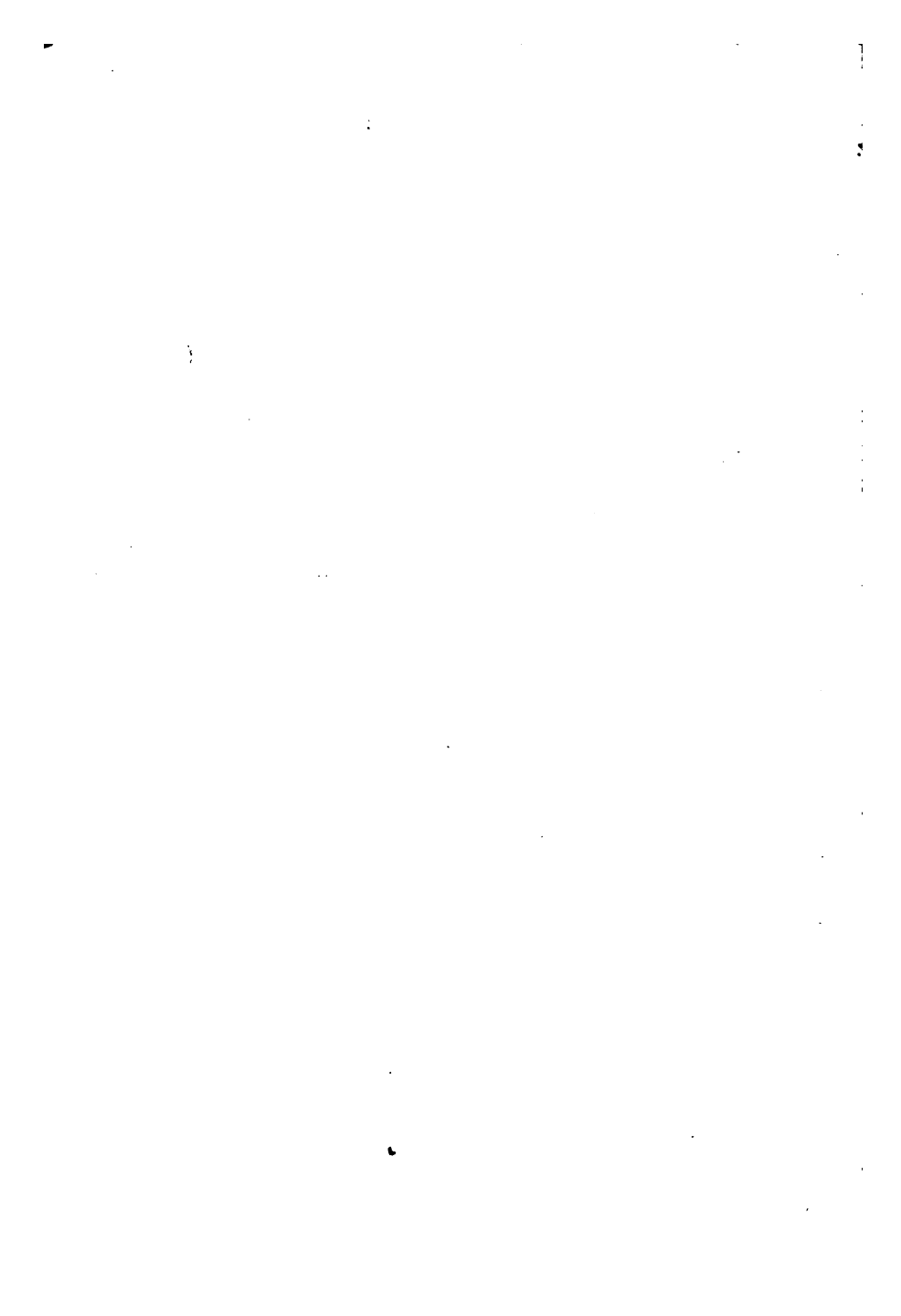
1900

Rec  
of net





# **Lobe Triumphant**





# Love Triumphant

*A Book of Poems*

By

Frederic Lawrence Knowles

Author of

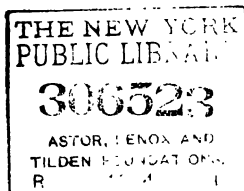
"On Life's Stairway," etc.



Boston

Dana Estes & Company

Publishers



*Copyright, 1904*

BY **FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES**

*All rights reserved*

**LOVE TRIUMPHANT**

**Colonial Press**

Electrotyped and Printed by **C. H. Simonds & Co.**  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

TO  
**Louise Chandler Moulton**  
BY HER AFFECTIONATE FRIEND  
THE AUTHOR

St. 90c

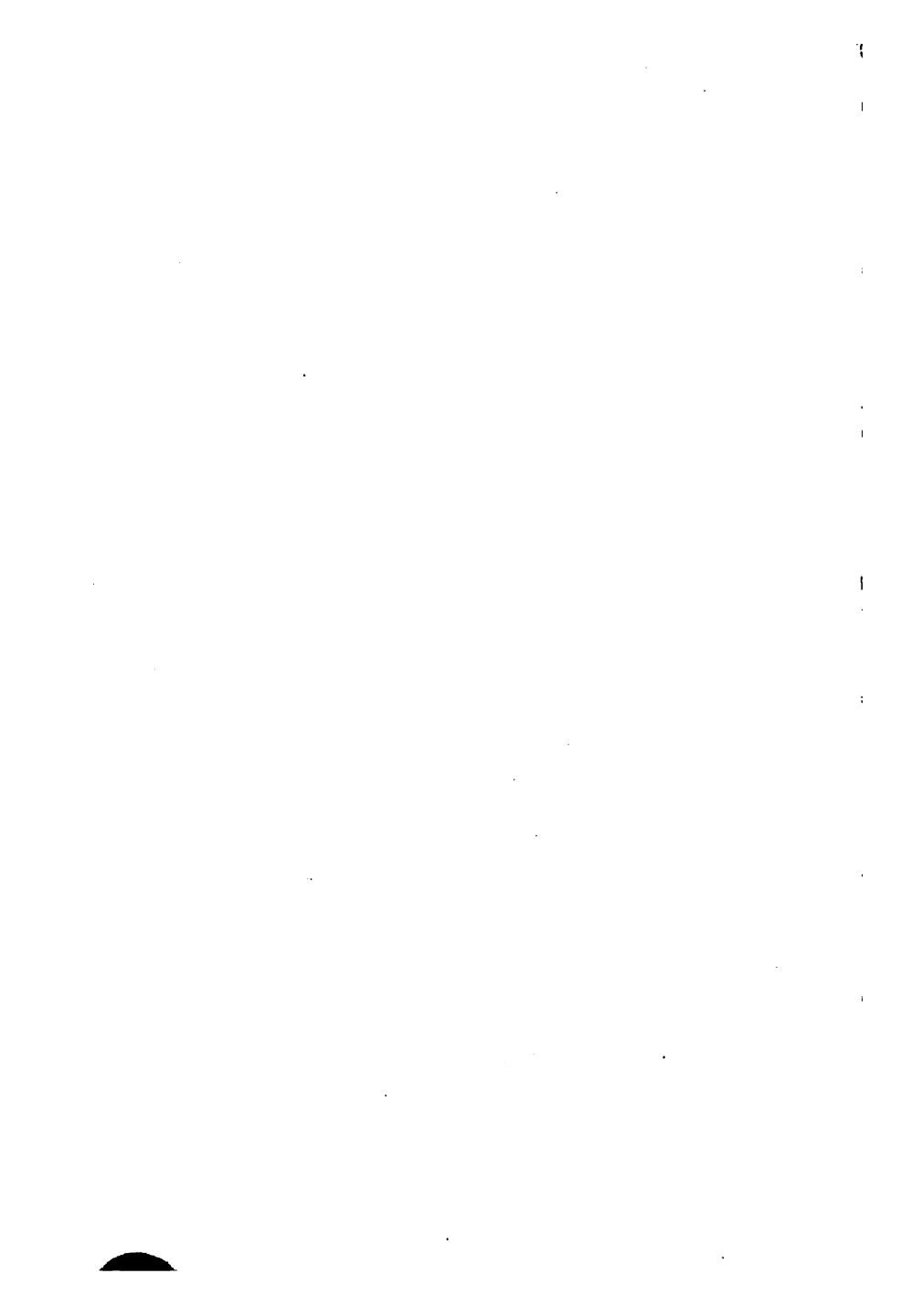
Dec. 12/04

Switzerland



## **Note**

Acknowledgments are hereby made to the *Century*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Poet-Lore*, *National Magazine*, *Brown Book*, *Christian Endeavor World*, and other periodicals, for their courteous permission to reprint copyright poems.



## Table of Contents

### L

	PAGE
LOVE TRIUMPHANT . . . . .	1
LOVE AND HISTORY . . . . .	3
LOVE'S WORLD . . . . .	5
A WOMAN'S HEART . . . . .	7
TO AN OLD PLAYMATE . . . . .	8
IF LOVE WERE JESTER AT THE COURT OF DEATH . . . . .	9
THE SINGER . . . . .	10
THE CELESTIAL MOMENT . . . . .	12
A MEMORY . . . . .	14
THE HOUR OF FIRE . . . . .	16
AT DAWN . . . . .	19
HER LIPS . . . . .	20
CREATION . . . . .	21
A SONG OF CONTENT . . . . .	22
THE BALLAD OF EDEN . . . . .	23
TO A DISCOVERER . . . . .	26
LOVE'S AWAKENING . . . . .	27
LOVE'S FULFILMENT . . . . .	29
THE LAST WORD . . . . .	30

## Table of Contents

---

	PAGE
LOVE'S PRICE . . . . .	32
JOY AND SACRIFICE . . . . .	34
THE SURVIVOR . . . . .	36

### II.

THE LARGER VIEW . . . . .	39
VERITAS . . . . .	41
DIRECTIONS TO A TRAVELLER . . . . .	42
THE TWOFOLD PRAYER . . . . .	43
GOLGOTHA . . . . .	45
THE NURSE . . . . .	46
LAUS MORTIS . . . . .	48
A PRAYER . . . . .	50
BIRTH . . . . .	51
THE GOLDEN DOOR . . . . .	52
CREDO . . . . .	53
LOVE IMMORTAL . . . . .	54
BETHLEHEM MORN . . . . .	56
THE WIDOW'S SON . . . . .	57
SHEKINAH . . . . .	58
THE SEA OF FAITH . . . . .	59
THE ANSWER . . . . .	61
A SIMPLE STORY . . . . .	63
HER TRANSPLANTED ROSE . . . . .	64
THE STEPS . . . . .	66
ON THE PATH . . . . .	67
TO AN OAK . . . . .	68
A CHALLENGE . . . . .	69
WHAT IS HEAVEN ? . . . . .	71



## Table of Contents

---

	PAGE
OUT OF THE DEPTHS . . . . .	74
O TROUBLED OVER MANY THINGS . . . . .	75

### III.

THE GLASS . . . . .	79
SIN'S FOLIAGE . . . . .	80
ONE WOMAN . . . . .	81
BETRAYED . . . . .	82
TO THE MOON . . . . .	84
LOST . . . . .	86
THE THREE . . . . .	88
DISCORD . . . . .	90
THE DISCIPLINE OF FAILURE . . . . .	92
IN A FAR COUNTRY . . . . .	94
L'ENVOI . . . . .	97

### IV.

HAIL, AMERICA ! . . . . .	101
THE COMING SINGER . . . . .	102
THE NEW PATRIOT . . . . .	104
THE MASTERS . . . . .	106
A MODERN POET . . . . .	107
THE NEW AGE . . . . .	111
SON OF THE PURITANS . . . . .	112
DIVES AND LAZARUS, 1904 . . . . .	113
THE CHRISTMAS FOR AMERICA . . . . .	116
THE WORLD'S NEW WATERWAY . . . . .	118
TO A MODERN OFFICE BUILDING . . . . .	120
THE POET FOR TO-DAY . . . . .	122
NEW ENGLAND . . . . .	124

## Table of Contents

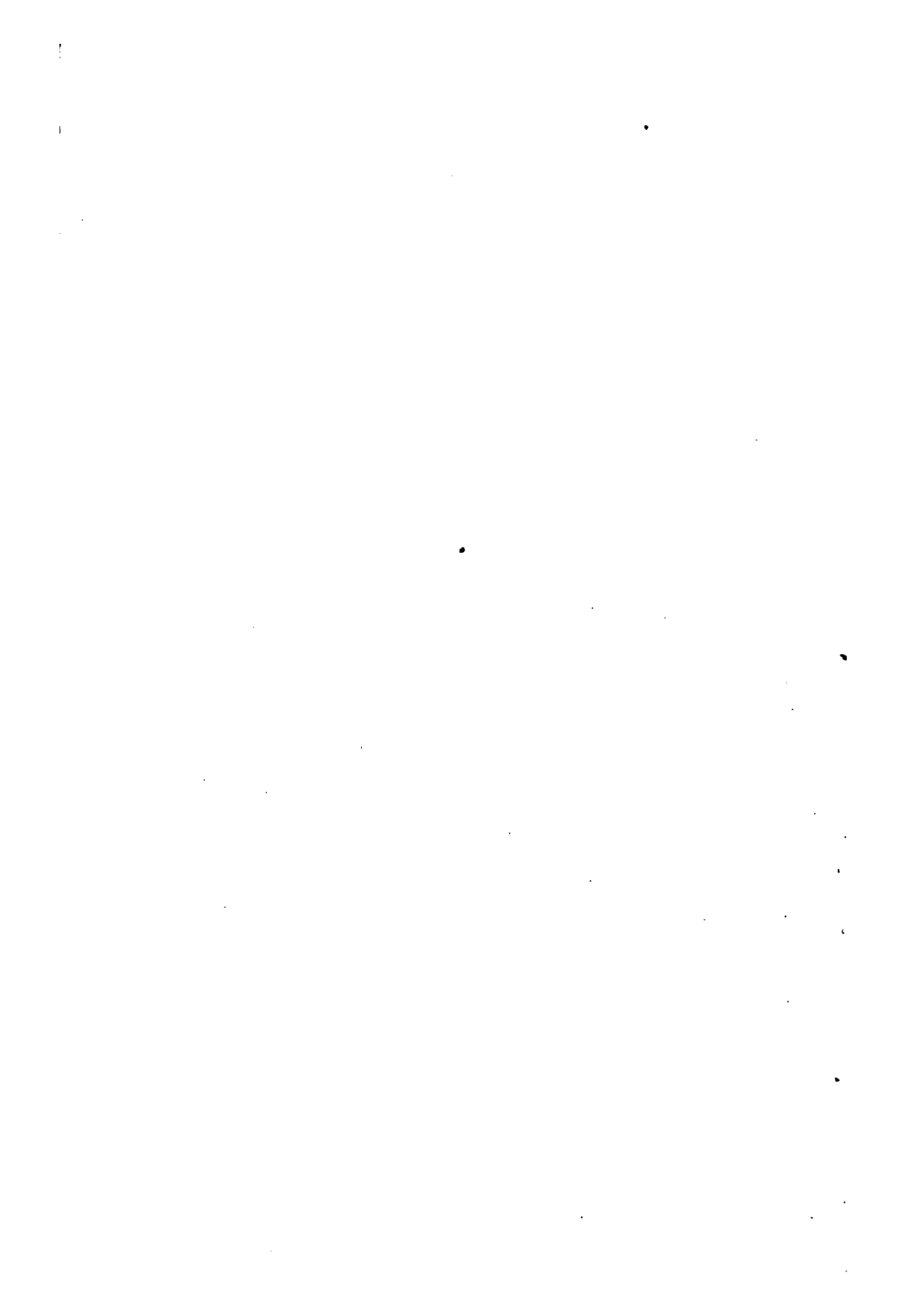
---

	PAGE
V.	
A SONG OF DESIRE . . . . .	133
A SONG OF MEMORY . . . . .	134
THE GLIMPSE . . . . .	136
TO MOTHER NATURE . . . . .	137
THE SEA . . . . .	139
THE WAVERLEY OAKS . . . . .	140
THE APRIL BOY . . . . .	142
A SONG OF SAILING . . . . .	144
TO A BROKEN SEA-SHELL . . . . .	146
THE THIEF . . . . .	148
THE KINGDOM OF THE SUNRISE . . . . .	150
THE MAN-CHILD . . . . .	152
TO A LOCOMOTIVE AT NIGHT . . . . .	156
THE CHILD WHO WENT AWAY . . . . .	157
OUR FRIEND . . . . .	160
THE CLOSED GENTIAN . . . . .	162
TO POETRY . . . . .	163
DESIRE . . . . .	164
THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY . . . . .	166

I.

“The truth of truths is love.”

— *Bailey's "Festus."*



# Love Triumphant

---

## LOVE TRIUMPHANT

**H**ELEN'S lips are drifting dust;  
Ilium is consumed with rust;  
All the galleons of Greece  
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;  
Lost was Solomon's purple show  
Restless centuries ago;  
Stately empires wax and wane —  
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain; —  
Only one thing, undefaced,  
Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste  
And the heavens are overturned.  
— Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,  
Sound that lives when sounds are done,  
Music that rebukes the birds,  
Language lovelier than words,

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Hue and scent that shame the rose,  
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,  
Silence stiller than the shore  
Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,  
Ocean more divinely free  
Than Pacific's boundless sea, —  
Ye who love have learn'd it true.  
— Dear, how long ago we knew!

## Love Triumphant

---

### LOVE AND HISTORY

ROSES shed their petals  
Countless Junes ago,  
And those dead Decembers  
Brought their snow.

Weary eyes were covered  
With their patient lids,  
By the yet unbuilt  
Pyramids.

Life and Death, like sweethearts,  
Wandering hand in hand,  
Then, as now, stole over  
Sea and land.

Lovers kissed and parted,  
Eyes were moist and blue,  
In the Midian meadows  
Moses knew.

Cheeks were wet with weeping,  
Brows were hot with fire,  
Ere the hand of Homer  
Swept the lyre.

## Love Triumphant

---

And this masque of midnight,  
And the moon's white face,  
Looked on Nile and Jordan,  
Thebes and Thrace.

Must the mint be new, dear,  
If the coin is gold?  
Though youth dies, Love never  
Waxes old.

History means this morning,  
Greece is here and now;  
Let us drain Time's beaker —  
I and thou!

Press thy lips to mine, dear,  
Thus — and thus — and thus;  
Space and time shall perish,  
Slain by us.

All the lands of wonder —  
Years of pain and bliss,  
We will taste together  
In that kiss!



## Love Triumphant

---

### LOVE'S WORLD

**T**HE earth upon its axis span  
Or e'er our Father fashioned man.  
He viewed His worlds and called them good  
In their new-quicken'd lustihood;  
The flowers made riot with perfume,  
And every grot was rank with bloom,  
Yea, death-doomed beauty made so free,  
It mimick'd immortality —  
Wings cleft the air, fins clave the deep,  
All day was song, all night was sleep,  
But still, O still, unborn were three —  
Pain, Sin, and History!

God knows how much those Junes have missed,  
Where lips of woman ne'er are kissed —  
Ah, lonely lanes be they, God knows,  
Where never lover plucks a rose!  
The Sun, to his new course addressed,  
Feels his slow way across the West —  
Before one guest His door unbars  
God lights a million welcoming stars;  
The moon looks down on grass and wave,  
And sees an Earth without a grave!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

For still, O still, unborn are three —  
Grief, Death, and Memory!

O love, lean close! My spirit's drouth  
Is quenched of thirst against thy mouth;  
I crave thy human warmth, my soul  
Thou fillest as an emptied bowl!  
Pour in this cup all mad desire,  
Pour longing with its ruthless fire!  
I drain the liquor to the lees —  
Did Eden know fierce joys like these?  
O dearest, what could life have meant  
To one in that fair prison pent —  
That hapless world without these three —  
Love, Sympathy — and Thee!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **A WOMAN'S HEART**

**A** BUTTERFLY with radiant wings  
She flash'd among the throng,  
Her beauty was like poetry,  
Her motions were as song;  
Her blood was warm with youth and hope,  
And quick with hidden fire,  
Her heart the home of nesting loves,  
And throbs of young desire;  
And ah! that song the red lips sang —  
Hush! I can hear it yet!  
“*Oh, joy and I shall never part,  
For love and I have met!*”

A butterfly with wounded wings  
She flutters through the throng,  
Her laugh has kept its gaiety,  
Her heart has lost its song;  
Her heart! the home of frozen hopes,  
The grave of dead desire,  
A hearth whose ashes lie so deep  
They cover all the fire! —  
Her eyes seem saying, even while  
Her lips are white and set,  
“*How easy for a man to love,  
How easy to forget!*”

## Love Triumphant

---

### TO AN OLD PLAYMATE

**Y**OUR lips, dear girl, were roses,  
Your hair was ripened wheat,  
The brook forgot his song to hear  
The music of your feet.

Your hands were swift white butterflies,  
Your eyes were wells of blue,  
Oh, what a riot in my heart  
Was wrought by June and you!

And now for years beneath the grass  
Your heedless hands have lain,  
And recollection wakes in me  
A hurt that scarce is pain.

Asleep with Nature, breast to breast,  
How peacefully you lie!  
Above your heart the care-free flow'rs,  
And over them — the sky.

## Love Triumphant

---

### IF LOVE WERE JESTER AT THE COURT OF DEATH

IF Love were jester at the court of Death,  
And Death the king of all, still would I  
pray,  
“For me the motley and the bauble, yea,  
Though all be vanity as the Preacher saith,  
The mirth of love be mine for one brief breath!”  
Then would I kneel the monarch to obey,  
And kiss that pale hand, should it spare or  
slay;  
Since I have tasted love, what mattereth!  
But if, dear God! this heart be dry as sand,  
And cold as Charon’s palm holding Hell’s toll,  
How worse, how worse! Scorch it with sorrow’s  
brand!  
Haply, though dead to joy, ’twould feel *that*  
coal;  
Better a cross, and nails through either hand,  
Than Pilate’s palace and a frozen soul!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE SINGER

**B**EFORE that crowd she stood, a flowerlike  
thing —

That curious crowd that came to see her sing  
(See more than hear, her beauty's fame was  
such),

Unconscious as a child, save for a touch  
Of happy fear like some wild bird was she,  
Instinct with light, and fire, and purity;  
But when she sang, there fell so deep a hush,  
The listening ear might almost hear a blush!  
Methinks the very footlights must have felt  
The wonder and the fragrance where they knelt.  
Across the years once more I see her stand,  
The sheet of music trembling in her hand.

Suitors she had in plenty; men who flung  
Their hearts with their bouquets when she had  
sung;

She laugh'd in girlish ignorance, nor guess'd  
The flattery in the voices that caress'd.  
But, lest his blossom suffer blight withal,  
Came jealously the Lover of us all,  
And wooed her spirit with his subtlest breath —  
What lad hath kiss'd so many lips as Death!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Through blinding tears once more I see her lie  
Like a pale lily, garnered for the sky!

Mayhap one voice was missing in the choir  
That sings forever round God's feet of fire;  
Mayhap the Seraphim, leaning low, had caught  
Her little human echo of God's thought,  
And wished her thither, till she, answering, rose,  
Loth to leave these her friends, yet fain for  
those,

More distant but more dear, whose lips were  
placed

Warm on the Bridegroom's, passionately chaste.  
I know not; this I know: mine ear shall keep  
Those great soprano sounds until I sleep;  
And this I know: her brow, her hair, her eye,  
Shall be to me a glory till I die!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE CELESTIAL MOMENT

I AM only a sigh of the Infinite Powers,  
Only God's breath on a glass,  
Only one pulse of the endless hours,  
Only a breeze on the grass.

I am only the spray on a poisoning wave,  
A cataract's foam and froth,  
A mushroom springing by night on a grave,  
The dust on the wings of a moth.

I am only the flight of a sweet, swift dream,  
The shadow cast by a cloud,  
A seed that is dropp'd by a Hand Supreme  
In the heart of a field unploughed.

And yet do you pity the butterfly  
That his hour so quickly goes,  
If over him swoons the passionate sky  
And under him faints the rose?

O turn to me, lean to me, lips that I love!  
One moment of merciful bliss, —  
Ere my shade shall be borne to those stars above  
Where only the ghosts may kiss; —



## **Love Triumphant**

---

Back to the stars from whence I came —

Over a blindfold way,

Far, O far, like a spark to its flame,

I who have lived my day, —

Who have lived my day when I flash and poise

The rose of the world above,

Then home like a joy to the source of joys —

A love that is lost in Love.

## Lobe Triumphant

---

### A MEMORY

THE Night walked down the sky  
With the moon in her hand;  
By the light of that yellow lantern  
I saw you stand.

The hair that swept your shoulders  
Was yellow, too,  
Your feet as they touched the grasses  
Shamed the dew.

The Night wore all her jewels,  
And you wore none,  
But your gown had the odor of lilies  
Drench'd with sun.

And never was Eve of the Garden  
Or Mary the Maid  
More pure than you as you stood there  
Bold, yet afraid.

And the sleeping birds woke, trembling,  
And the folded flowers were aware,  
And my senses were faint with the fragrant  
Gold of your hair.

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

And our lips found ways of speaking  
What words cannot say,  
Till a hundred nests gave music,  
And the East was gray.

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **THE HOUR OF FIRE**

**O** WAS it you that waited in the dawn,  
Or Fate, or Flame, or Splendor of De-  
spair?

Faint with the memory of your wind-blown  
hair,

I rose — was borne to meet you, Passion's pawn  
Moved by The Hand! And up the terraced  
lawn,

(To my impatience such an endless stair),  
Climbed past the oaks and furtive shrubbery,  
where

You lay, pale, startled, panting like a fawn!  
How wealthy, whoso holds for treasure one

Such ravishing moment at a kingdom's cost!  
Though peace were forfeit, tho' my heart, un-  
done,

Should pay the price with infinite years of  
frost,

Again I'd fly, a meteor tow'rd the Sun,  
And on your burning breast and lips be lost!

God! once again I live that hour of hours, —  
Past the park gates and past the sleeping  
hounds,

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

The gardener's lodge that overlooks the  
grounds,  
With the dark windows buried deep in flow'rs,  
The hedgerow and the woods, where shade de-  
vours

Discovery, till at last the only sounds  
That stab the quiet with delicious wounds  
Are two loud hearts which passion overpowers!  
And on your mouth — red as the new-ris'n sun  
That flushed the hills which peered between  
the trees —

I tasted death and life together — one  
Supremest marriage at joy's height of these  
Old, timeless lovers; till the Dawn was done,  
And Day, o'erhead, broke into golden seas!

And now! nay, but I have no song for Now,  
Then life was mine — now am I grown  
Death's slave,

Whom he lets live for pastime; breeze and  
wave

Run as of old, and younger hands must plough,  
Sow, reap, and spend; yea, on new lips and  
brow

Youth rains new kisses, but the Hand that  
drave

The arrow thro' my heart, when in her grave

## **Love Triumphant**

---

I buried Love, is heavy. Spare me, Thou!  
Nay! spare me not! give me whate'er Thou  
hast  
In Thy black storehouse of new griefs; the  
gold  
Of one rich memory, hoarded to the last,  
Thou couldst not take, tho' I should thrice  
grow old!  
Mine the eternity which is the Past,  
Through all eternities that are foretold!

## Love Triumphant

---

### AT DAWN

BEAUTIFUL as the feet of Atalanta,  
Delicate as the hand of Aphrodite,  
Comes the dawn across the eastern hilltops.

Golden as the fleece that launch'd the Argo,  
Prouder than great Nineveh on the Tigris,  
Enters 'neath these boughs the wealth of morn-  
ing.

Night recedes, the lingering waves of darkness  
Lift — forsake these heights; the tide that  
drown'd us  
Ebbs into the dawn's flush'd indolent languor.

Let us rise, O love, and tow'rd the city  
Take our way, — within our eyes the silence  
Of a memory holier than the daybreak.

Thro' the long, gray streets, just wash'd with  
sunrise,  
Downward thro' the waking roar of traffic, —  
Onward, onward thro' the world forever!

## Love Triumphant

---

### HER LIPS

ALL of the joy in a wild bird's nest,  
All that God hid in a violet's breast,  
All the soft wonder of twilight and star,  
All that white caravans bring from afar,  
All the wealth captured by Spain's fierce  
ships —  
All became mine at the touch of her lips!



## Love Triumphant

---

### CREATION

A FLASH of Will and a word of Power —  
*Your body rose like a soft, white flower;*  
Winds went North and winds went South —  
*There grew the mystery of your mouth;*  
Night leaned over her golden bars —  
*Your hair blew free like a cloud of stars;*  
Dreams and a song and a sunrise sea —  
*Your eyes looked out from the Dawn at me!*

## Love Triumphant

---

### A SONG OF CONTENT

HOW many million stars must shine  
Which only God can see! —  
Yet in the sky His hand has hung  
Ten thousand stars for me!

How many blossoms bloom and fade  
Which only God can know! —  
Yet here's my field of buttercups,  
And here my daisies blow.

How many wing-paths through the blue  
Lure swallows up and down —  
Yet here's my little garden walk,  
And yon's the road to town!

How many a treacherous voice has wooed  
Unhappy feet to roam —  
Yet God has taught my willing ear  
The sounds of *love* and *home!*

How many lips have kiss'd and clung  
Since Eve was Adam's bride! —  
But God has given me you, dear girl,  
And I am satisfied!

# Love Triumphant

---

## THE BALLAD OF EDEN

### I.

O THE birds were loud in Eden,  
In Eden, in Eden,  
They were mad with mirth in Eden  
So fair;  
O their wings were swift as flames,  
Sweet and curious were their names,  
And their songs were wild as passion,  
pure as prayer!

### II.

There were rainy days in Eden,  
In Eden, in Eden,  
Days of sun and shower in Eden  
So fair!  
Carpets must be soft as floss,  
Woven of grass and woven of moss,  
Where the foot of man and foot of maid  
are bare!

### III.

They were bravely clad in Eden,  
In Eden, in Eden,

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

O the fashions throve in Eden  
So fair!  
Cloth-o'-leaves from God's own vines,  
Thread and needles from the pines,  
And the wind's own way of doing up the  
hair!

### iv.

O but Man was strong in Eden,  
In Eden, in Eden,  
Like a happy god in Eden,  
So fair,  
And the Woman's blood was red,  
All her tears were still unshed,  
And her lips, with soft defiance, laughed  
at care.

### v.

O the world still seems an Eden,  
An Eden, an Eden,  
O the world is always Eden  
So fair;  
Though the serpent's glittering eyes  
Have a cleverer disguise,  
While you're walking through the orchard,  
have no care!

## Love Triumphant

---

### VI.

Still for us the earth is Eden,  
Is Eden, is Eden,  
Still our Earth, dear love, is Eden  
So fair, —  
And we taste all fruits that be,  
Even from the Knowledge Tree,  
Though its branches have been grafted  
with Despair!

### VII.

O though life wax old in Eden,  
In Eden, in Eden,  
Love is still the lord of Eden  
So fair;  
All the blossoming is for us,  
And our happy creed runs thus:  
Failure visits only those who fail to dare!

### VIII.

So we fear no sword in Eden,  
In Eden, in Eden: —  
Who shall drive us from our Eden  
So fair!  
Is there built a gate — a wall?  
At a lover's kiss they fall,  
If we love, new Edens wait us everywhere.

## Love Triumphant

---

### TO A DISCOVERER

**L**ONG was my spirit like some lonely reef  
In gray, unvisited oceans, where the Sea,  
Relentless, drove its salt waves over me,  
A cold, monotonous surf of unbelief ;  
But ere I hardened into hopeless grief,  
Thou camest, bringing love, faith, sympathy ;  
I found myself and God in finding thee,  
And my long dream of doubt looked void and  
brief.

Then was my soul, with her new glory dazed,  
Like that green island among tropic seas  
When the strange sail approached the won-  
dering shore,  
And startled eyes beheld the Cross upraised,  
While the great Spaniard sank upon his  
knees,  
And the Te Deum shook San Salvador!

## Love Triumphant

---

### LOVE'S AWAKENING

WHEN Memory was a desert  
And Life a dungeon wall,  
When Hope became a harlot  
That lured me to my fall,  
When June had lost its old perfume  
And Poetry its glow —  
There flashed a sense of wings and bloom! —  
Of joys that stir and grow!  
The thorns became a chaplet  
Upon my bleeding brow, —  
Night fled; the world was sunrise! —  
*O dearest, it was thou!*

My heart was lost to feeling,  
I could not weep nor smile,  
I had no joy of music, —  
O 'twas a weary while!  
I lived within a sodden trance  
That knew nor faith nor fears,  
My soul was blind as sightless Chance,  
A ghost that mocked the years;  
When lo! a gentle whisper,  
A kiss upon my brow!

## Love Triumphant

---

The arms of love were round me! —  
*O dearest! it was thou.*

And though 'tis still a marvel —  
The rapture and the wings,  
My heart has learned the wonder  
Of love that serves and sings,  
Now I can welcome June again  
And watch her roses blow,  
Once more I find the world of men  
A conflict, not a show.  
From worse than death awakened,  
Whence came the spell and how?  
God's angel must have touched me —  
*Nay, darling, it was thou!*



## Love Triumphant

---

### LOVE'S FULFILMENT

ALL the passion of the skies  
Where the moons of August hang,  
I have read within thine eyes.

All that sage or poet guess'd,  
Sinai spake or Stratford sang,  
I have learn'd upon thy breast.

All the wander-thirst of ships,  
Wave's wild kiss and tempest's fang,  
I have tasted on thy lips.

Now the sting and storm are past,  
(Youth's mad voices — how they rang!), —  
Comes the calmer bliss at last!

Yea, the carnal grows divine  
Since our souls together sprang,  
And my lost heart flow'd in thine!

Like the Gulf Stream in the sea,  
Leagues below the pulse and pang,  
Broods my spirit, drown'd in thee!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE LAST WORD

WHEN I have folded up this tent  
And laid the soiled thing by,  
I shall go forth 'neath different stars,  
Under an unknown sky.

And yet whatever house I find  
Beneath the grass or snow  
Will ne'er be tenantless of love  
Or lack the face I know.

O lips — wild roses wet with rain!  
Blown hair of drifted brown!  
O passionate eyes! O panting heart —  
When in that colder town.

I lie, the one inhabitant,  
My hands across my breast,  
How warm through all eternity  
The summer of my rest!

To each frail root beneath the ground  
That thrusts its flower above,  
I shall impart a fiercer sap —  
I who have known your love!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

And growing things will lean to me  
To learn what love hath won,  
Till I shall whisper to the dust  
That secret of the Sun.

Yea, though my spirit never wake  
To hear the voice I knew,  
Even an endless sleep would be  
Stirred by the dreams of You!

## Love Triumphant

---

### LOVE'S PRICE

WHEN I look for roses,  
    Bittersweet and rue!  
Can it be that this is love? —  
    This my dream come true?  
Love I thought would bring me  
    Only perfect joy, —  
That was twelve long months ago  
    When I was a boy.

O a twelvemonth's longing!  
    O a twelvemonth's pain! —  
Sunshine only when the clouds  
    Lift above the rain!  
Doubt that dreads the morrow,  
    Care, before unguess'd, —  
Then a shaft of golden joy  
    Quivering in my breast!

Yet I still press forward,  
    Scornful of my wound,  
I will love while years shall last  
    And the earth goes 'round!  
Should a man turn craven,  
    Challenged by Desire?

## **Love Triumphant**

---

Nay, love blesses while it burns —  
Let me face the fire!

Lads who lust for pleasure,  
Long for ease and mirth,  
I no longer walk with you  
Down a flow'r-clad earth;  
Love's white feet allure me  
Up a steeper way,  
Though I bleed I follow Her  
Where the peaks are gray!

## Lobe Triumphant

---

### JOY AND SACRIFICE

I GAVE you all that I had,  
And the giving made me glad;  
So great was my love the while,  
I asked neither thanks nor smile.

If you only would let me pour  
My service before your door,  
My worship around your feet,  
The days and the nights were sweet.

But what an end is this!  
Your lips that I may not kiss  
At last, with a frown, command  
I lay no gifts in your hand.

Yet, dearest, before we part  
Let me speak this word from my heart:  
I have striven and lost, and yet  
I hold no thought of regret.

I have owned life's costliest thing;  
Though I have drunk from a spring  
Where my thirst could never slake,  
I have given up all for your sake

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

And loved you purely and well  
With a peace I can never tell,  
And I breathe toward Heav'n this word:  
Bless Thou my Love, O Lord!

My Love who never gave  
The joy that starved hearts crave,  
Yet pays me a richer price  
For service and sacrifice.

She has taught me that life can bring  
No better and nobler thing  
Than a spirit that gives and gives;  
O bless my Love while she lives!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE SURVIVOR

WHEN the last day is ended,  
And the nights are through;  
When the last sun is buried  
In its grave of blue;

When the stars are snuffed like candles,  
And the seas no longer fret;  
When the winds unlearn their cunning,  
And the storms forget;

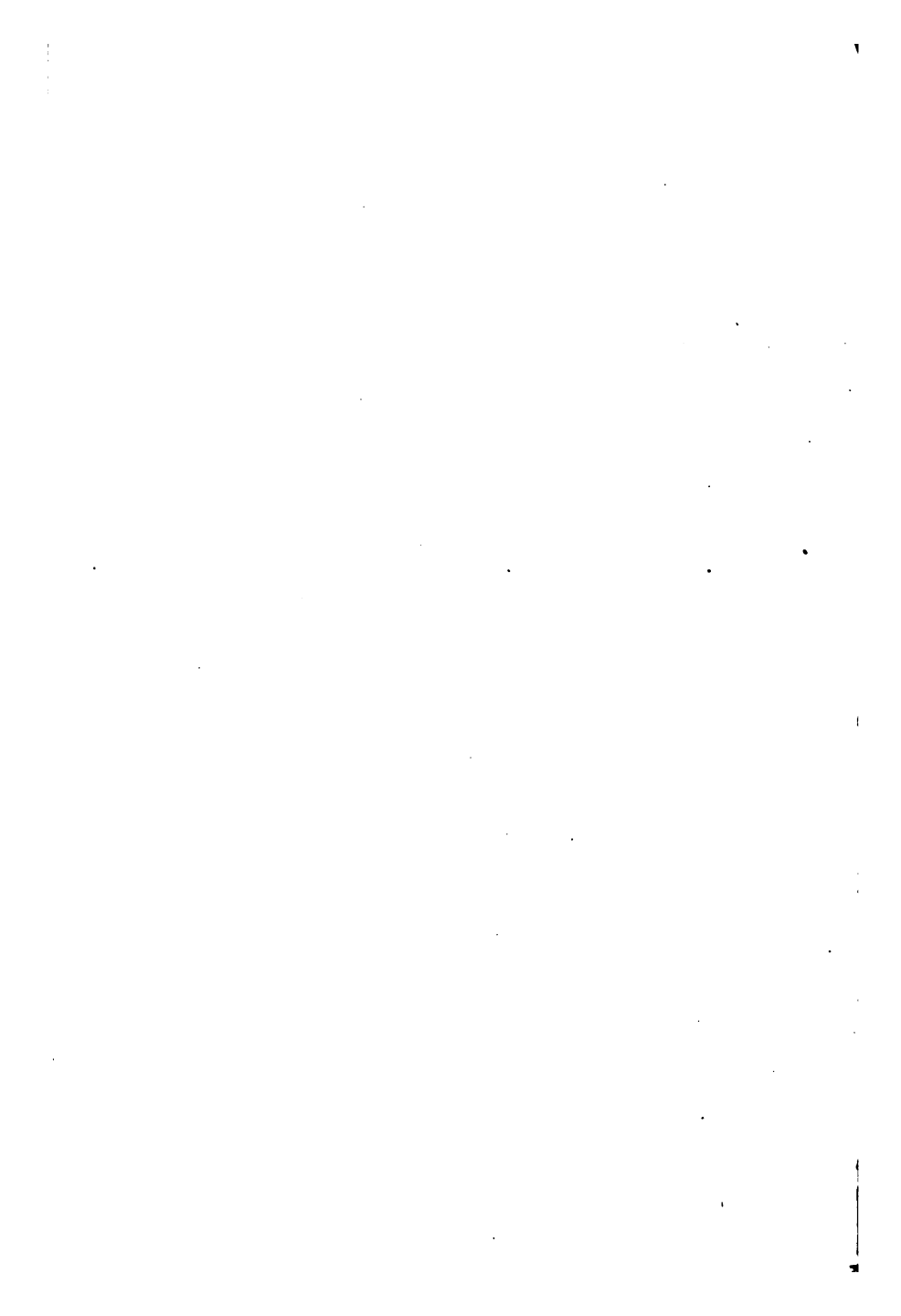
When the last lip is palsied,  
And the last prayer said;  
Love shall reign immortal  
While the worlds lie dead!



## II.

“Love which is the essence of God.”

— *Emerson.*



## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **THE LARGER VIEW**

**I**N buds upon some Aaron's rod  
The childlike ancient saw his God;  
Less credulous, more believing, we  
Read in the grass — Divinity.

From Horeb's bush the Presence spoke  
To earlier faiths and simpler folk;  
But now each bush that sweeps our fence  
Flames with the awful Immanence!

To old Zacchæus in his tree  
What mattered leaves and botany?  
His sycamore was but a seat  
Whence he could watch that hallowed street.

But now to us each elm and pine  
Is vibrant with the Voice divine,  
Not only from but in the bough  
Our larger creed beholds Him now.

To the true faith, bark, sap and stem  
Are wonderful as Bethlehem;  
No hill nor brook nor field nor herd  
But mangers the Incarnate Word!

## Lobe Triumphant

---

Far be it from our lips to cast  
Contempt upon the holy past —  
Whate'er the Finger writes we scan  
In Sinai, prophecies, or man.

Again we touch the healing hem  
In Nazareth or Jerusalem;  
We trace again those faultless years;  
The cross commands our wondering tears.

Yet if to us the Spirit writes  
On Morning's manuscript and Night's,  
In gospels of the growing grain,  
Epistles of the pond and plain,

In stars, in atoms, as they roll,  
Each tireless round its occult pole,  
In wing and worm and fin and fleece,  
In the wise soil's surpassing peace, —

Thrice ingrate he whose only look  
Is backward focussed on the Book,  
Neglectful what the Presence saith,  
Though He be near as blood and breath!

The only atheist is one  
Who hears no Voice in wind or sun,  
Believer in some primal curse,  
Deaf in God's loving universe!

## Love Triumphant

---

### VERITAS

**A**H, no more the lyre of deep-brow'd Homer  
Drops like golden rain in joy of battle  
Those slow spondees and those headlong dactyls —  
Sounding lines, and every line a lyric!

Ah, no more the harp of dreaming David —  
On whose eye of faith there flash'd the Vision,  
From his own pure heart projected skyward —  
Spills its splendid ecstasy of worship.

Shall we then hark back to sage and shepherd,  
Put our lips to Iliads and Psalters,  
Quaffing mighty wines of war and worship,  
Wild and wistful with forgotten questions,  
Satisfied with draughts that leave us thirsting?

Nay, the rather face the future boldly,  
Let who will look back, be ours to-morrow!  
Psalms for those who like, for us truth only,  
That new Science which is Faith and Worship,  
That old Worship which still lives transfigured:  
God in all things — force and mind and matter,  
Immanent, immutable, immortal!

## Love Triumphant

---

### DIRECTIONS TO A TRAVELLER

“HOW far must I follow this dusty way?”  
Till the hills grow faint in the twilight  
gray.

“Must I keep the road till it drops from  
sight?”  
At the line of the sky is a path to the right.

“And what is the name of the cross-road  
there?”  
The name on the finger-post is *Care*.

“And must I travel that new path far?”  
Till the West is bright with the Evening Star.

“And how many miles must I journey then?”  
Till you reach the Tavern of All Good Men.

“And how many roofs shall I have to pass?”  
But one: that Hostelry, thatched with grass.

“And whither thence at the dawn of day?”  
The Host, when He wakes you, will point the  
way.

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE TWOFOLD PRAYER

WHEN grass is green and tall, lad,  
When hills are white with sheep,  
When whetstones ring against the scythe,  
And the sauntering brook's asleep ;  
When trees are loud with flutter and song  
And not a bough is sad,  
When skies are smiling in God's face,  
And even man is glad ;  
When June flees down her laughing lanes  
As fast as foot can fall,  
The castles that our fancies build  
Are fair as Ilion's wall ;

Yet this must be the boon, lad,  
To ask the jealous years :  
" Oh, if ye may, bring laughter,  
And, if ye must, bring tears."

For soon the grass shall wither, lad,  
And winter come with snow,  
Soon other hands shall hold the shear,  
And other arms shall mow,

## Love Triumphant

---

Soon Helen's face must yield its grace,  
And youth must lose its Troy,  
For love unlearns its pleasure, lad,  
And June forgets her joy.  
Oh, life must give this ignorant heart  
The penance that it needs! —  
How long a rosary seem our days  
When sorrow counts the beads!

Yes, this shall be the prayer, lad,  
We ask the coming years:  
"Oh, if ye may, bring laughter,  
And, if ye must, bring tears."



## Love Triumphant

---

### GOLGOTHA

OUR crosses are hewn from different trees,  
But we all must have our Calvaries;  
We may climb the height from a different side,  
But we each go up to be crucified;  
As we scale the steep, another may share  
The dreadful load that our shoulders bear,  
But the costliest sorrow is all our own —  
For on the summit we bleed alone.

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE NURSE

(*“ Death, the nurse of all ”*)

EVENING now has come with shadows,  
Colder grows the air,  
Look! the Sun takes down his pictures  
Till his walls are bare.

She we fear, the icy-bosomed,  
With her cold, kind face,  
Bending over, like a mother,  
Draws to her embrace,

Crooning, “ Night has come, and darkness,  
Dear ones, ye are tired,  
I have brought you only slumber —  
I, the Undesired.

“ Ye shall sleep in dreamless quiet  
Where no griefs can pass,  
Tears will never wet your eyelids  
Underneath the grass.

“ If ye miss the hands of loved ones  
Ye have press'd so oft,

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Lo, the roots of flowers have fingers  
That are cool and soft!"

Good night! we must rise and follow  
Her who fares before, —  
How the playthings strew the pathway  
To that chamber-door!

Nurse of all, thou unforgetful!  
Gentle watch-care take,  
Till, resigned to arms more loving,  
All the children wake!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### LAUS MORTIS

**N**AY, why should I fear Death,  
Who gives us life, and in exchange takes  
breath?

He is like cordial Spring  
That lifts above the soil each buried thing;—

Like Autumn, kind and brief—  
The frost that chills the branches, frees the  
leaf;—

Like Winter's stormy hours  
That spread their fleece of snow to save the  
flowers;—

The lordliest of all things—  
Life lends us only feet, Death gives us wings!

Fearing no covert thrust,  
Let me walk onward, armed with valiant trust,

Dreading no unseen knife,  
Across Death's threshold step from life to life!

## Love Triumphant

---

O all ye frightened folk,  
Whether ye wear a crown or bear a yoke,

Laid in one equal bed,  
When once your coverlet of grass is spread,

What daybreak need you fear?  
The love will rule you there which guides you  
here!

Where Life, the Sower, stands,  
Scattering the ages from his swinging hands,

Thou waitest, Reaper lone,  
Until the multitudinous grain hath grown.

Scythe-bearer, when thy blade  
Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid!

God's husbandman thou art!—  
In His unwithering sheaves, O bind my heart!

## Love Triumphant

---

### A PRAYER

WHETHER my place be Thine abode  
above,  
Or earth, this school of love,  
Not mine the errand to the court of kings,  
But quiet, homely things —  
Not mine the mission to the farthest sun,  
But some more childlike one;  
I do not ask a seat at Thy right hand, —  
Nay, Father, bid me stand.

## Love Triumphant

---

### BIRTH

**G**OD thought:—  
A million blazing worlds were wrought!

God will'd:—  
Earth rose, while all Creation thrill'd!

God spoke:—  
And in The Garden love awoke!

God smiled:—  
Lo, in the mother's arms, a child!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE GOLDEN DOOR

WHEN I have won to the Golden Door,  
Who will open to me?  
“They who have had on this little earth  
Alms or a smile from thee.”

When I have won to the Golden Door,  
What will be writ thereon?  
“This is the gate of the Evermore,  
The goal of the Evergone.”

When I have won to the Golden Door,  
What shall I see beyond?  
“Work for the lusty, beds for the tired,  
Love for lips that are fond.”

When I have won to the Golden Door,  
What will the password be?  
“Love is the password, love is the toll,  
Love is the golden key.”



## Love Triumphant

---

### CREDO

I KNOW no sin except the lack of love,  
I recognize the victory in defeat;  
No gulf divides life here from life above,  
I spell perfection in the incomplete.

A foe to dogma, still I hold a creed,  
For I believe that all life brings is good,  
That sharing bread and wine with men who need  
Is the new sacrament of brotherhood.

I know the way we tread is rough and long,  
And yet to toil and bleed am nothing loth,  
And thus I journey homeward with a song,  
Since in the very struggle lies my growth.

And when I reach that last green hostelry  
Whence none have ever yet been turned away,  
The slumber will be sound which falls on me,  
Till dawns that longer, new, divine To-day.

Joy! only joy! for Love is there and here —  
Peace, only peace! though desperate my distress;

I find no foeman in the road but Fear —  
To doubt is failure, and to dare, success!

## Love Triumphant

---

### LOVE IMMORTAL

**C**HURCHES, nay, I count you vain, —  
Lifting high a gloomy spire,  
Like some frozen form of pain  
Aching up to meet desire;  
Standing from God's poor apart —  
Granite walls and granite heart!

Sects, ye have your day, and die,  
Eddies in the stream of truth, —  
The great current, sweeping by,  
Leaves you swirled in shapes uncouth,  
Born to writhe, and glint, and woo —  
Broken mirrors of the Blue.

Creeds! — O captured heavenly bird,  
Fluttering heart and folded wing!  
Shall ye see those pinions stirred?  
Can your caged Creation sing?  
Will ye herald as your prize  
What was bred to soar the skies?

Rites and pomp, what part have ye  
In the service of the heart?

## Love Triumphant

---

Rituals are but mummery,  
Faith's white flame is snuffed by art;  
Candles be but wick and wax,  
Alms have grown the temple-tax.

Yet the East is red with dawn,  
Like a cross where One hath bled!  
And upon that splendor drawn —  
Gentle eyes and arms outspread —  
See that figure stretched above!  
As God lives! its name is Love!

Love that lights the fireless brands,  
Love that cares for world and wren,  
Bleeding from the broken hands —  
Crowned with thorns that conquer men;  
Only Love's great eyes inspire  
Church, sect, creed to glow with fire.

Yet our lips shall have no sneer  
For the spire, the mosque, the ark,  
Broken symbols shall be dear  
If they point us through the dark, —  
Laws and scripture served our youth  
Who have grown the sons of truth!

## Love Triumphant

---

### BETHLEHEM MORN

INTO the city of David rode  
A man and a girl to a mean abode,  
He the carpenter, staunch of limb,  
She the virgin espoused to him.

And lo! in the pastures white with sheep  
The flocks were stirring, aroused from sleep,  
While far from the hillsides, fresh with morn,  
The bleating of hungry lambs was borne;

And as through the warm air, moist with dew,  
Drifted the cry of each answering ewe,  
The woman flushed, with a sudden start,  
And pressed both hands beneath her heart.

“Mary, why dost thou ride so ill?”

*Mine eyes were turned to yonder hill.*

“Mary, why dost thou start with fear?”

*The promised day of the Lord is near!*

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE WIDOW'S SON

O HOW they welcomed him once more —  
The wondering lads of Nain!  
He stood before the widow's door  
Whom Death had robbed in vain!

And as he joined them in their sports,  
What must his heart have said —  
He who had lain within the courts  
Where sleep the fleshless dead!

And she whose arms won back their all  
From the eternal years,  
Ah, God! behind her cottage wall,  
What gratitude and tears!

Now son and mother both are dust,  
With all the lads they knew,  
No prophet stayed Death's second thrust  
Beneath the Syrian blue.

But still the gentle hand is strong  
Which touched the unquicken'd clay;  
Wherever Sorrow's children throng  
The Nazarene walks to-day!

## Love Triumphant

---

### SHEKINAH

ARK that rode the Deluge wave  
Found on Ararat her grave,  
All her stalwart gopher-wood  
Rotted in that solitude:

Ark that held the holy things,  
Shadow'd by the golden wings,  
Fallen into dust, is blown  
Round the hills where once it shone.

Yet the Covenant is true,  
God hath kept His oath with you;  
In the humblest heart, behold  
Something costlier than gold!—  
Hush! within that quivering shrine  
Broods the Immanent Divine!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE SEA OF FAITH

**H**AVE you lifted anchor and hoisted sail?  
Does your ship stand out to sea?  
Have you scoff'd at peril and dared the gale  
Where the waves and the winds are free?

Is safety a thought that you count disgrace  
When duty and danger call?  
Would you stand on the deck with a smile on  
your face  
And perish the first of all?

Is your old sail salt with the frozen foam  
And gray as a sea-gull's wing?  
Do you never long for land and home  
When the great waves clutch and cling?

O the Sea of Faith hath storms, God knows,  
And the haven is very far,  
But he is my brother-in-blood who goes  
With his eye on the polar star,

With his hand on the canvas, his foot on the  
ropes,  
His heart beating loud in his breast,

## **Love Triumphant**

---

With dauntless courage and quenchless hopes  
And the old divine unrest!

The swift keels chafe in the Harbor of Doubt,  
They were built for the glorious blue,  
Where the stout masts bend and the sailors  
shout,  
And the wave-drench'd compass is true!

Then here's my hand, O lad of my heart,  
O dauntless spirit and free!  
The tide is high! They strain, they start! —  
The ships of the infinite sea!



## Lobe Triumphant

### THE ANSWER

“**M**AKE of my heart,” I cried, “a lyre  
whereon  
The wind of man’s desire shall sweep some  
string  
Into immortal music; utterly gone  
My dearest hopes unless I gain this thing;”  
Then the calm Voice: “Nay, son, thy prayer is  
wild,  
But thou mayest feed, for Me, an hungry  
child.”

“Give me to die in some supreme emprise,  
And, falling, shout, ‘They flee, the field is  
ours;’  
When Stephen raised to Heav’n those angel  
eyes,  
The stones that crush’d his body seem’d like  
flowers;  
A martyr’s or a warrior’s death be mine!”  
“Nay, dreamer, thou must learn to serve, not  
shine.”

## **Love Triumphant**

---

“Yea, let me serve; be mine the holy wrath  
Which deals the heart of Vice its deadliest  
thrust,

Better a thousand perils in my path  
Than such sad safety where the roads are  
dust;”

“Nay, child, thy peril is thy restless will,—  
Thy task is patience; suffer and be still!”

“O Infinite Love, I lean my heart on Thine!  
The humblest task Thou hast my joy shall be!  
Behold, the sandiest pathways grow divine  
If so these leagues of desert lead toward  
Thee;

Come joy or pain, Thy will not mine be done.”  
“At last thy prayer is answered, O my son!”

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **A SIMPLE STORY**

**S**HE sewed the little caps and frocks,  
And bought the cradle-bed,  
“Though I may die, he shall not want  
For anything,” she said.

One morn within her arms they laid  
The long-awaited guest —  
The mother lived, but, ah, the child  
Was cold upon her breast!

And sadly in that careful drawer,  
With tiny clothes replete,  
They left the fair white things untouched,  
All save the winding-sheet —

All save a little doll-like robe,  
Fetched forth with tears to be  
The silent stranger’s only dress  
Until eternity.

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **HER TRANSPLANTED ROSE**

TO M. C. G.

**H**E came to her in the early dawn,  
And lived in her arms one day,  
But the little baby soul was tired,  
It had fared such a long, long way.

She thought it only an earthly flower,  
Though the sweetest ever blown,  
Nor guess'd how in that blossoming life  
Was an angel made her own.

But a whisper grew at the lips of the world,  
The sun rode, hush'd and high,  
She look'd, and caught the eye of God  
As the sorrowing winds went by ;

And her heart lay close to the Heart of All,  
While the morning held its breath,  
Ah me! the messenger stole so near,  
And the name on his wings was Death!

And in the silence the truth grew plain —  
How a finer soil than ours

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Is needed to ripen the fairest souls  
For the garden of heavenly flowers.

And the child, when the Summons came at dusk,  
Look'd up with its eyes of blue  
Straight into the vision, as though to say,  
"How long I have watched for you!"

Then fell back cold on its mother's breast —  
And she knew, though her eyes were dim,  
While this meant torturing grief for her,  
It was endless peace for him.

And the flowers they sent to the lonely room  
Wither'd beside her bed,  
But her little immortal flower was safe; —  
She smiled when they call'd it dead!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE STEPS

**S**EIZE your staff! beyond this height  
We shall find the Infinite Light!  
Gird your thigh! this sword shall hew  
Paths that reach the untroubled blue!  
Though dark mountains form the stair,  
It is ours to climb and dare!  
Law, truth, love — the peaks are three:  
Sinai, Olives, Calvary!

## Love Triumphant

---

### ON THE PATH

“ OH, the sea is so gray,  
And the sky is so black;  
Thorns and briars choke the way, —  
Must I die, or turn back? ”

*Underfoot is the trail,  
And the Goal is not far;  
On the sea is a sail,  
In the sky is a star!*

## Love Triumphant

---

### TO AN OAK

O TIME - DEFIER! standing near the  
way .

Where thousands pass who are but leaves to  
thee,

Clinging to the frail bough, Humanity,  
And both alike earth-destined, thou and they,  
I look on thee with wonder, — let me stay

Beneath thy stalwart shadow, till I see  
Clearly the vision thou wouldst bring to me:  
*I shall surmount defeat, survive decay!*

Thy soil is Earth, and mine is God; if I  
Could thrust my roots down with such faith  
as thine,

What leaves and boughs of love would greet the  
sky,

Their buried lips thirst-quench'd at springs  
divine,

Yea, thy hale permanence were less than mine,  
I who, though slain by Death, can never die!



## Love Triumphant

---

### A CHALLENGE

DEFEAT and I are strangers; though the  
scourge  
Of wild injustice, knotted with all wrongs,  
Writhe round my spirit, if I cannot smile,  
Then write me craven, say, "He met the test  
Sent to all souls, only to faint and fall,  
His courage grovels, let us call him slave!"  
O rather, when the mad Hands through the  
dark,  
Unseen and self-provoked, shall lash my will,  
Let me the stauncher bare me to the blow,  
Rise, hide my hurt, suppress the groan, fold  
arms,  
Erect and scornful, though my back may bleed,  
Though flesh, nerve, sensibilities, cry out!  
Not otherwise Zenobia must have felt,  
Fettered with golden fetters, when she walked  
Behind Aurelian's chariot, still a queen!  
Not otherwise Napoleon, when he trod  
That abject island, where the very guards  
Felt him the master, though they bore the guns  
And he was weaponless, the man whose eye  
Could daunt Disaster and command the world.

## **Love Triumphant**

---

Thus would I live and thus would die; I come  
God knows! of a long lineage of kings: —  
Burke, Cromwell, Luther, Paul, and Socrates,  
Emerson, Milton, Cranmer, Charlemagne,  
Columbus, Tolstoi, Lincoln, Augustine —  
The monarchs of the spirit in all times,  
Exalted thrones defiant of decay.  
Then hurl all thunderbolts upon my brow,  
Dash me, O life, with waves of salt and blood,  
Empty thy quiver, Sorrow, in my breast,  
Ye cannot, O ye Powers, compel my soul,  
For, rob me as ye will, three things are left  
Which make your fury impotent and vain:  
That pride in self that lifts me from the worm,  
These sympathies that join me to my kind,  
This Higher Hope that hands me on to God,  
And armors me in immortality!

## Love Triumphant

---

### WHAT IS HEAVEN?

I HEARD a preacher talk of Heaven, a land  
Reserved for him and his, the Lord's elect ;  
He threatened vengeance with a clenched right  
hand  
On doubters of the dogmas of his sect.

“ One shall be taken and the other left ;  
What widow knows, wild with the parting  
kiss,  
But God may choose that she remain bereft,  
Divorced by Hell's impassable abyss?

“ A mother will not meet her child when Death  
Disjoins them, if his soul be unredeemed,  
These loves of earth are fugitive as breath  
And have no weight with God.” Thus he  
blasphemed.

Merely a boy, as I beheld the sky  
Through the church windows, I grew sick  
with fear,  
As fatherless as Hagar's child felt I,  
Beggared of hope and naked of all cheer.

## Love Triumphant

---

I left the barren room, while still the flock  
Were worshipping their God, or thought they  
were, —  
“Joy!” smiled the flowers, “Peace!” sang each  
patient rock,  
“Love!” shouted forth each wild bird-chor-  
ister.

And happy children raced along a brook,  
And matched with innocent boasts their rival  
speed;  
But service now was out, — I saw rebuke  
In faces blackened by a loveless creed.

Then flashed God’s truth! and from that day  
the lies  
Framed by the creeds of men, which mock our  
earth,  
Burlesque the sun and travesty the skies,  
I value only at their worthless worth.

Heaven? What is Heaven! Escape from burn-  
ing coals,  
Or simply love? Well, one thing it is never:  
An aristocracy of virtuous souls  
Where the self-righteous sun themselves for-  
ever!

## **Love Triumphant**

---

To think that Love's creator rashly hurled  
To outer darkness such a masterpiece!—  
Love — the best gift in this or any world,  
Made perfect, to be shattered in caprice.

A pagan, bowing down to sea or sun  
Or harmless idol on his cabin shelf,  
Is nearer Truth than you whose God is one  
Less good and merciful than you yourself.

If God is God, and if His name be Love,  
Can He elect or damn like some mad Fate?  
Far better say no life exists above  
Than bend the knee to worship infinite Hate!

Love must survive, a thing of all delight,  
In this fair Heaven between the grass and  
blue  
And in what Heavens may lie beyond our  
sight, —  
But who elects it? is it God, or you?

## **Love Triumphant**

---

### OUT OF THE DEPTHS

**T**ORN upon Thy wheel,  
Foul'd with blood and dust,  
Still my heart can feel,  
Still trust;

Still my lips can urge,  
"Heal me with Thy sword,  
Cleanse me with Thy scourge,  
Lord, Lord!"

Though a bleeding clod,  
Faint with thirst and pain,  
Still my hopes, dear God,  
Remain;

Yea, and more than hope:  
Faith! a prayer! a wing!  
Even on Calvary's slope,  
I sing!

## Love Triumphant

---

### O TROUBLED OVER MANY THINGS

O TROUBLED over many things,  
Choose thou the better part, —  
Service unconscious of itself  
And childlikeness of heart.

Why breathe Earth's heavy atmosphere,  
Forgetful one can fly,  
When the high zenith, Infinite Love,  
Allures us to the sky?

The virtues hide their vanquish'd fires  
Within that whiter flame,  
Till conscience grows irrelevant  
And duty but a name!





### III.

“Love covereth all sins.”

— *Proverbs x. 12.*

“Love scarce is love that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving.”

— *Whittier.*



SECRET

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE GLASS

TO the Great Mirror toddled the wee child,  
And viewed his puzzled eyes there, wonder-wild:

“Who are you, baby? Are you me? Say true!”

He scarce could guess, but all too soon he knew!

To the Great Mirror strode the man mature,  
Passion and guilt defaced a brow once pure;  
He groaned, “Is that myself? Thou shade of hell,

Would God thou couldst deceive! I know thee well!”

## Love Triumphant

---

### SIN'S FOLIAGE

**D**O you ask why this woman has always a shadow on her face?  
In her girlhood she planted in virgin soil a sweet sin,  
And she looked only for joy from the shoots, tender and fresh,  
But when years passed, and Memory had watered it,  
And Remorse had digged about and dunged it,  
And Conscience, the owl, had hooted from its branches night and day,  
She learned that she had planted the seeds thereof in her own soul, and that whilst the soil grew thinner the roots had waxed longer and the branches mightier,  
And now she sits where the sunlight can never enter, in the dense shadow of the boughs,  
And strives to stay her hunger with their fruit.

## Love Triumphant

---

### ONE WOMAN

**T**HE souls of Strauss and Schubert  
Swept through the violins,  
But what cared she who danced apart —  
She, alone with her sins!

For under the roses and diamonds,  
And back of the lips that smiled,  
Sat Memory holding The Secret,  
As a mother holds her child!

## Love Triumphant

---

### BETRAYED

*WHOSO has lived to love and bless,  
Given nay for nay and yes for yes,  
Will find my fable foolishness.*

Albeit he had thought to woo her,  
When he met happiness he drew her  
Apart from all men's sight, and slew her.

Yet were his hands and conscience clean;  
Some monstrous Folly rose unseen  
To teach him crimes he could not mean.

His lips keep up a brave disguise,  
But one can read within his eyes  
Such thoughts as these, beneath all lies:

“ Only to think that, poised above  
A bosom softer than a dove,  
My hand should stab the heart I love!

“ One fierce caress, one playful blow —  
Her life-blood stained her breast of snow;  
Yet, O my God, how could I know!”

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

*Whoso has fall'n from Heav'n to Hell,  
In one mad moment's fateful spell, —  
For you, for you, this parable!*

## Love Triumphant

---

### TO THE MOON

SISTER, what Death which finds no god to  
quicken  
Infects that sky where thou wast set of  
old? —

For now thou liest, leper-white and stricken,  
With shrunken breasts and cold.

How came the passionate fires of love to lan-  
guish,  
Sucked from the fierce veins of thy sire, the  
Sun?  
O wrinkle-browed and barren, whence thine an-  
guish?  
Whisper it, hapless one!

Art thou Heaven's broken heart? When Earth  
beneath thee  
Forsook love's orbit, innocent and fair,  
And followed paths of sin, did Fate bequeath  
thee  
The task of watching there? —



## **Love Triumphant**

---

Watching with sunken eyes and pallid features  
And horror-smitten face as white as snow  
This home of profligate and sorrowing crea-  
tures  
That mocks thee from below?

## **Love Triumphant**

### **LOST**

**N**IGHT scattered gold-dust in the eyes of  
Earth,  
My heart was blinded by the excess of stars,  
As, filled with youth and joy, I kept the Way.

The solitary and unweaponed Sun  
Slew all the hosts of darkness with a smile,  
And it was Dawn. And still I kept the Way.

The Winds, those hounds that only God can  
leash,  
Bayed on my track, and made the morning wild  
With loud confusion, but I kept the Way.

The hours climbed high. Peace, where the  
Zenith broods,  
Fell, a blue feather from the wings of Heav'n:  
Lo! it was Noon. And still I kept the Way.

At length one met me as my footsteps  
flagged, —  
Within her eyes oblivion, on her lips  
Delirious dreams — and I forgot the Way.

## **Love Triumphant**

---

And still we wander — who knows whitherward!  
Our sandals torn, in either face despair,  
Passion burnt out — God! I have lost the Way.

O for that dusty trail, the stones, the thorns!  
These meadow flowers they burn me like hell's  
flame.

Harlot, I hate thee! O the Way! the Way!  
Before I die, one glimpse! the Way! the Way!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **THE THREE**

**M**ARY of Nazareth, loving and kind;  
The mission of Him she bore divined  
Vaguely and dim; with a wondering mind.

Mary of Bethany, gentle and fair,  
Gave Him what cheer her home could spare,  
And smiled with the peace of quiet prayer.

Soiled with the dust of the gazing street,  
Stealing in where He sat at meat,  
Mary the Magdalen kissed His feet.

Mary the virgin marvel'd with fear,  
Mary the listener lent Him her ear,  
But Mary the prodigal faltered near, —

Tho' wonder and loathing filled the place,  
And Simon counted her touch disgrace,  
She bent o'er the Master her tear-stain'd  
face, —

And her wealth of warm, dark hair, unbound,  
About His feet she wound and wound —  
Her sobbing was the only sound.

## **Love Triumphant**

---

Mary the hostess made Him her guest,  
He had lain on Mary the Mother's breast,  
But the Magdalen's gift was costliest:

She brought her past, its bliss and shame,  
Strange sins, wild memories fierce as flame —  
And in her tears was wash'd from blame!

One sat with patient joy at His side,  
One stood by the Roman cross where He died,  
One gave herself and her broken pride.

## Love Triumphant

---

### DISCORD

BLUE eyes blurr'd with weeping,  
How ye hurt the grace  
Of untroubled twilights,  
Night's unwrinkled face!

Still the boughs of April  
Greet their annual guests,  
Still the new-born singers  
Stir a thousand nests.

Brooks and fields and pastures  
Always seem so glad! —  
Oh, how strange that only  
You and I are sad!

Oh, how strange that discord  
Is a *human* thing,  
That God's orchestra can play,  
With one broken string!

Though the other instruments —  
Joined in faultless tune —  
Render perfect symphonies  
— Winter, Stars, and June,

## Love Triumphant

---

Inharmonious music  
From this human lyre,  
Smites the ear of angels  
And condemns the choir.

Master of the players,  
In whose smile is fame,  
Spoilt is all our music —  
Hearken to our shame! —

If Thou canst, these broken  
Harps again employ;  
Tune them to Thy glory  
In the key of joy!

Then shall pass from memory  
This discordant din  
Which disturbs Creation —  
Sorrow, Care, and Sin.

Then shall rise forever  
From the cloud and clod  
Love's majestic chorus: —  
“ We rejoice, O God! ”

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE DISCIPLINE OF FAILURE

HERE is what the years at last have taught  
me,  
This the creed that life, not man, has fashioned:—  
Suffering wrought by guilt is never final—  
Retribution is but reclamation,  
Punishment remedial, self-redemptive,  
Sin the scourge wherewith Love drives us sun-  
ward,  
And remorse no drowning sea of anguish,  
But the tear-bath whence we rise unsullied.  
Like a child we learn to walk by stumbling—  
Learn to shun the flame by tortured fingers;  
Though the scars may burn our flesh and spirit  
Through Earth's little years, dust-born, grave-  
destined,  
God has other worlds, and life is timeless;  
We shall find the deepest wounds self-healing,  
When Love's surgery makes plain its purpose!  
Thus believing, I have come to love you,  
All who climb with me from self to freedom.  
Let me kiss thy lips, O fallen brother!  
Let my arms enfold thee, fallen sister!



## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Let me trust and love you back to honor,  
Let me draw you to the Great Forgiveness, —  
Not as one above who stoops to save you,  
Not as one who stands aside with counsel,  
Nay, as he who says, "I, too, was wounded  
With the stones, the briers — I, too, was poi-  
soned  
With the flowers that sting, but now, arisen,  
I am struggling up the path beside you;  
Rise! and let us face these heights together."

## Love Triumphant

---

### IN A FAR COUNTRY

WHEN God made the last of his crea-  
tures,

Man, who should reign,  
He gave him the strong, white body,  
And the reasoning brain,

A voice which could mould its language  
To a silver tone,  
A love that was more than passion —  
A will like His own!

But the years flowed by — dark waters  
Troubled with rain,  
Till a sullied stream confronted  
The sky's disdain, —

And man, with the wants immortal  
And the visions brief,  
Grew fain of the terrible pleasures  
That are worse than grief,

And there throve such curious vices  
For his princely mirth,

## Love Triumphant

---

That He who had shapen this creature  
From the sands of earth

Looked down on a brain that faltered,  
A song that was dumb,  
On beds of lust and of sickness,  
On brothel and slum.

But think ye the Artist repented?  
Or cast to the void  
The work He found good in the making,  
As it lay, self-destroyed?

Nay, the infinite Workman ponder'd,  
"From him We have wrought  
There is only one gift withholden  
Ere he reach to Our thought.

"If his heart lack Grace, it is only  
A lair for pride;  
He must kneel at Our feet for a season,  
Ere he reign at Our side.

"We will give him great prodigal cities —  
Tyre, Babylon, Rome, —  
He shall eat of their husks till he famish,  
And his feet turn home!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

“ He must pray, he must serve, he must suffer,  
Till, clean of his stain,  
He is humble and meet for Our presence —  
Made perfect through pain.”

And man hears the call of his Father,  
And dares to rejoice;  
Even now, though Earth's harlotries lure him,  
He leans tow'rd the Voice!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### L'ENVOI

**O** LOVE triumphant over guilt and sin,  
My soul is soiled, but Thou shalt enter in;  
My feet must stumble if I walk alone,  
Lonely my heart, till beating by Thine own,  
My will is weakness till it rest in Thine,  
Cut off, I wither, thirsting for the Vine,  
My deeds are dry leaves on a sapless tree,  
My life is lifeless till it live in Thee!



IV.

“I do love  
“My country’s good.”  
— *Shakespeare.*





## **Love Triumphant**

---

**HAIL, AMERICA!**

**H**AIL! child of peak and prairie,  
Where'er the morning breaks  
Between the two gray oceans,  
Between the Gulf and Lakes!  
O wrested from the wilderness  
And sown with sweat and tears!  
O answer of the patriot's prayer,  
Goal of the pioneers! —  
Rich fabric of the fifty States,  
Woven at Freedom's loom,  
Three hundred years of history,  
Three thousand miles of bloom!  
Stand up, good fellows! lift each glass,  
And join the toast with me:  
*America! America!*  
*Our Motherland, America!*  
*A health to thine and Thee!*

## **Love Triumphant**

---

### **THE COMING SINGER**

**N**ONE of the old tunes, poet!  
Give us the Song of the Real!  
Out of the stuff of Freedom  
Fashion a new ideal!

No verse in a patron's palace  
From mouths that sing for a crust,  
But from lips on fire with the soul's desire  
That sing because they must!

For this is the land of our winning,  
And the Vision grows and grows!  
Shod with the sands of Cuba,  
Crowned with the Klondike snows!

A Mother of fifty daughters,  
Sunburnt and rude and strong,  
She has had the glory of conquest,  
And she waits the wonder of song.

By our fathers' swords! we love her!  
And every child of her brood —  
These starry States that cluster  
In the pure, proud sisterhood!

## **Love Triumphant**

---

We will dip no quill with feathers ;  
We will write with a blunted pen ;  
In the ink of our sweat we will find it yet,  
The song that is fit for men !

And the woodsman he shall sing it,  
And his axe shall mark the time ;  
And the bearded lips of the boatman  
While his oar-blades fall in rhyme ;

And the man with his fist on the throttle,  
And the man with his foot on the brake,  
And the man who will scoff at danger  
And die for a comrade's sake ;

And the Hand that wrought the Vision  
With prairie and peak and stream  
Shall guide the hand of the workman  
And help him to trace his dream !—

Till the rugged lines grow perfect,  
And round to a faultless whole,  
For the West will have found her singer  
When her singer has found his soul !

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE NEW PATRIOT

**W**HO is the patriot? he who lights  
The torch of war from hill to hill?  
Or he who kindles on the heights  
The beacon of a world's good-will?

Who is the patriot? he who nails  
A flag to some defiant pole?  
Or he who follows dangerous trails,  
And guides a people to its goal?

Who is the patriot? he who sends  
A boastful challenge o'er the sea?  
Or he who sows the earth with friends,  
And reaps world-wide fraternity?

Who is the patriot? Bonaparte,  
Who made a continent his prey?  
Or Tolstoi of the gentle heart,  
Who shares the peasant's toilsome day?

Is it the Scribe, race-proud, serene,  
Smiling his scorn from Moses' seat?  
Or the compassionate Nazarene,  
With Roman publicans at meat?

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Who is the patriot? It is he  
Who knows no boundary, race, or creed,  
Whose nation is humanity,  
Whose countrymen all souls that need;

Whose first allegiance is vowed  
To the fair land that gave him birth,  
Yet serves among the doubting crowd  
The broader interests of Earth.

The soil that bred the pioneers  
He loves and guards, yet loves the more  
That larger land without frontiers,  
Those wider seas without a shore.

If duty calls, the first to die  
On fields of honor and of fame,  
But readier, where the vanquish'd lie,  
To heal the wounded, raise the lame.

Who is the patriot? Only he  
Whose business is the general good,  
Whose keenest sword is sympathy,  
Whose dearest flag is brotherhood.

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE MASTERS

**I** NCOMPARABLE white galaxy of suns!  
O stars of song whose lustre blinds the  
day —  
Æschylus, Homer, Shakespeare, — deathless  
ones  
Holding on high your proud and lonely way!

Rulers of Night's domain of domeless space,  
Transcendent thrones, victorious over Time,  
Slaying with splendor from your distant place  
A thousand flickering satellites of rhyme!

God! what are we, that underneath such skies  
We dare to light our tapers! From afar  
The constellations watch this mad emprise:  
A puny candle challenging a star!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **A MODERN POET**

**T**HOSE radiant spirits who, the suns of  
    song,  
Shine with the distant permanence of a star,  
A calm, incomparable, undying throng,  
Rebuke our flickering tapers from afar.

And yet the modern poet 'neath that vast  
    Confuting sky, may walk with unbowed head;  
Those stellar voices sang a withering past, —  
    Their art is deathless, but their world is dead!

Slain on the lips hath perish'd praise of kings,  
    Sceptres have bent like straw, and rust makes  
    free  
With crowns and castles — Pride's poor trivial  
    things —  
As Winter's white tooth gnaws the helpless  
    tree!

Dead are the masters, — now the slaves shall  
    rule;  
Still blind with tyranny, ignorant of their  
    power; —

## **Love Triumphant**

---

Democracy, unchain'd to sect and school,  
Strides darkly forth to meet her destined  
hour!

For lo! at last within the barbarous West  
A fair, unfetter'd land has risen and reigned,  
Throned in the crags, and from her tawny  
breast  
The milk of liberty has long been drained,

Till there have grown fierce daughters in her  
gates,  
Guarding the jealous portals of the free,  
A stalwart sisterhood of equal States,  
Hand clasping hand with love from sea to sea!

Great Motherland arisen from the waves,  
Lake-girdled, polar-crown'd, and tropic-shod,  
Who bought her freedom with a million graves,  
And never bowed the knee except to God!

Shall feudal rhymesters of an outworn brood,  
In pale, perfunctory verse sing such as she?  
Rather a race unkempt, athletic, rude,  
Rough as the prairies, tameless as the sea!



## **Lobe Triumphant**

Yet not alone upon these rugged coasts  
Hath Freedom raised her throne; she reigns  
where'er  
Serfs cry for vengeance to the Lord of Hosts,  
Or exiled peasants grasp the sword of prayer.

True to their vision were the bards of old,  
But this more glorious dream demands new  
wings;  
Hail him who soared to heights remote and cold,  
Thrice hail, who loves the People's cause, and  
sings!

He may not lord those empires of the skies  
Where art, immutable, immortal, gleams,  
But he will strip the scales from slumbering eyes,  
And nations half-awake shall learn their  
dreams!

Great God! give us to strike the People's lyre  
Once, only once! then perish if we must!  
One hour of life, to lead that grander choir  
Whose noblest notes will echo o'er our dust!

And when Thy hand has seal'd these lips with  
clay,  
And we are soil for Earth's recurrent Springs,

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Speed Thou the feet that scale the heavenward  
way,  
And touch with quenchless fire each tongue  
that sings!

Until that sturdier race of bards arise,  
Sprung from the toilers at the bench and  
plough, —  
The splendor of the Past within their eyes,  
The grandeur of the Present on their brow!

## **Love Triumphant**

---

### **THE NEW AGE**

**W**HEN navies are forgotten  
And fleets are useless things,  
When the dove shall warm her bosom  
Beneath the eagle's wings, —

When memory of battles  
At last is strange and old,  
When nations have one banner  
And creeds have found one fold, —

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight  
With its powdered drift of suns  
Has hushed this tiny tumult  
Of sects and swords and guns, —

Then Hate's last note of discord  
In all God's worlds shall cease,  
In the conquest which is service,  
In the victory which is peace!

## Love Triumphant

---

### SON OF THE PURITANS

SON of the Puritans, can it be thou,  
Harness'd for slaughter with bayonet  
and blade?

Weeds in thy furrows, rust on thy plough,  
Death for thy trade?

Fruitless the planting in War's black soil!

What do the red-handed husbandmen reap? —  
Cripples that languish, children that toil,  
Widows who weep!

Ah, these death-gleaners must learn as they mow

Darkest of secrets that History hoards:

*Only a harvest of hatred can grow*

*From a sowing of swords!*

## Lobe Triumphant

---

### DIVES AND LAZARUS, 1904

#### I.

ONE sat in his hall,  
One lay at the gate;  
One had praise from all,  
One had hate.

What can make amends  
When disaster flogs?  
One had kings for friends,  
One had dogs!

One, when robbed by Death,  
Yielded up his bags;  
One lost only breath  
And his rags.

Yet that very night  
Saw the Gulf uncross'd,  
Lazarus clothed in light;  
Dives lost!

And one writhing soul  
Learn'd this truth's sad force:

## Love Triumphant

---

Hell's most torturing coal  
Is remorse.

Oh, that wild, wild cry! —  
“ Bridge this gulf for us,  
Thou enthroned on high,  
Lazarus! ”

### II.

Sleek and plunder-fed,  
Dives of to-day,  
Hoard your wine and bread  
While you may!

Gorge in kingly state! —  
But that gaunt and grim  
Lazarus at your gate —  
What of him!

Call your thefts “ a trust ” —  
Words can have no weight  
With the always just  
Scales of Fate.

Hospitals and schools  
Built on public fraud  
Are a sop that fools  
Throw at God!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Turn your heavy eyes  
Tow'rd your palace doors, —  
Help that wretch to rise!  
Heal his sores!

Faint from scourge and rod,  
Foul with blood and dust,  
Hear him cry — great God! —  
For a crust!

Ah! the chasm fixed  
Between him and you  
Is the gulf betwixt  
False and true!

Slave, whose table groans  
With all fruits that be!  
Beggard on the stones,  
Starved, yet free!

Which shall stand, uncowed,  
Clean, without scar,  
Before History's proud  
Judgment bar?

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE CHRISTMAS FOR AMERICA

I HEAR no angels in the skies,  
I hear the toiler mourn his lot, —  
I catch a thousand mingled cries:  
“Fate rules,” “God is,” and “God is not.”

I see no hillsides gray with sheep,  
I meet no Magi on the road;  
I see the crippled beggar creep,  
Striving to stand beneath his load.

O Nazareth Carpenter who cursed  
The pride and avarice of thy day,  
We would observe thy birth, but first  
Thy Sermon on the Mount obey.

If thou shouldst come once more to men  
In this, the later Promised Land,  
Would not thy great heart break again  
To find these wrongs on every hand:

Labor, heart-smitten, left to die,  
Beneath the feet of conquest hurled,  
Or, lifting hatred's torch on high,  
Wreaking revenge upon the world?



## Love Triumphant

---

O galaxy of virgin States,  
White constellation of all time! —  
What blackness as of Death awaits  
If these pure stars grow dark with crime!

I have no Holy Land but thee,  
Nation whose hills and prairies wait  
The new, the last Nativity, —  
That Justice which shall make us great!

Though Freedom's eagle bleeds, he still  
Soars from his eyrie tow'rd the sun,  
May his torn wings gain strength until  
That blazing goal of truth be won!

Vast, wide-stretch'd land! Though years are  
long,  
When Love's great ends are served in us,  
We shall be clean as well as strong,  
Kind as we are victorious!

No longer lies at Bethlehem's inn  
Lord Jesus in the mangered hay,  
Where selfish Wealth repents its sin  
The poor man's Christ is born to-day!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE WORLD'S NEW WATERWAY

*(The Proposed Isthmian Canal)*

THOUGH wedded continents unclasp their  
    hands  
Which they had plighted, palm to palm, in  
    youth,  
Still closer ties shall bind these severed lands —  
    A growing love of liberty and truth.

Disjoin'd but not divorc'd, though twain still  
    one,  
One in their Western faith, their Eastern  
    birth,  
Nursed in one cradle 'neath the Orient sun,  
    Sent forth alike to lord this larger earth!

O destined lands, that held aloft to God  
    The torch of truth unquench'd through hos-  
    tile years!  
O shores that Bolivar and Lincoln trod!  
    O fields of plenty sown with blood and tears!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Between your coasts, uniting them the more,  
Trade's white-wing'd couriers now shall come  
and go,  
And Peace and Progress guard each trustful  
shore,  
While the long future centuries goalward  
flow!

## **Love Triumphant**

---

### **TO A MODERN OFFICE BUILDING**

**W**HAT poet dreamed thee? miracle of steel,  
Soaring above the steeples to the sky;  
What artist drew thee with a holy zeal  
Before thy mighty structure rose on high?

Springing from base to cornice with proud ease,  
Vast slender cube, hive of the human cells,  
Was man, thy maker, such a mote as these  
Who swarm within thee, as their task compels?

Or did some giant with a careless hand  
Lift high these light screen-walls and airy  
frame,  
With glad Olympian laughter as he scanned  
Thy dwarfed companions, envious of such  
fame?

O watchman of the city at thy feet,  
Gigantic Argus with the countless eyes,  
Hearing the drone of traffic from the street  
Like some incessant litany arise!

Labor's cathedral, castle of finance!  
No mediæval masterpiece of stone

## **Love Triumphant**

---

Lifted a grander pile to face God's glance  
Than thou upholdest to the heavens alone.

The girder that supports thy weight is thought,  
Thy piers and columns type the joys of flight,  
Thy very walls within my heart have wrought  
Their symbol of the poetry of height.

Art thou the scion of some Titan brood,  
Some Atlas on whose back earth's toil is laid?  
Rising, self-urged, in patient solitude  
Above the smoky, foul abyss of trade?

Nay, thou art offspring of more buoyant race,  
A young, fair god, the athlete of the skies,  
With sinewy limbs, with joy upon thy face,  
With dauntless prophecy within thine eyes!

The type art thou of this vast land to me,  
Late risen o'er its fellows, proud and great,  
The home of toil and yet superbly free,  
Lifting with easy grace Time's monstrous  
weight!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE POET FOR TO-DAY

**W**E have sonnets enough, and songs  
                  enough,  
And ballads enough, God knows!  
But we want to-day that cosmic stuff  
Whence primitive feeling glows,

Grown, organized to the needs of rhyme  
Through the old instinctive laws,  
With a meaning broad as the boughs of time  
And deep as the roots of cause.

It is passion and power that we need to-day,  
We have grace and taste full store;  
We need a man who will say his say  
With a strength unguessed before: —

No lips that sing at a patron's nod  
For the price of a jester's crust,  
But a voice whose sagas shall live with God  
When the lyres of earth are rust; —

A soul, though clean of the stains of lust,  
Which loves all God calls fair,

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

With feet that are soiled with the common dust,  
And nature honest and bare;—

A man who will heed the cry of the poor  
Clutched fast in the claws of greed,  
Who will fight to the death for the sound and  
sure  
In the smoky battles of creed;—

A spirit deaf to alluring sounds  
More siren than Truth's command,  
God's athlete, wrestling with all that wounds  
Home, honor, and native land;

Whose lines shall glow like molten steel  
From being forged in his soul,  
Till the very anvil shall burn to feel  
The breath of the quenchless coal!

Your dainty wordsters may cry, "Uncouth!"  
As they shrink from his bellows' glow,  
But the fire he fans is immortal youth,  
And how should the bloodless know!

Oh, safety and ease are always spurned  
By the poet of God's desire;  
Can you keep your fingers from being burned  
If you handle a harp of fire?

# **Love Triumphant**

---

## **NEW ENGLAND**

### **I.**

**B**LEAK was the sea, and pitiless the shore,  
When our brave fathers, tyrant-driven,  
accurs'd,  
Unlock'd the future's inauspicious door,  
And, bold of brow, trod Freedom's threshold  
first.  
Staunch hearts! beneath the arrogant garb of  
sect  
Beat bosoms warmed by fires not lit on earth,  
And the real man — supreme, secure, erect —  
Gave to an iron creed its human worth.  
The cold frosts fell relentless on the grain,  
The cunning savage lurked by rock and tree,  
No sound was heard in that lone, desolate plain  
Save, on the rocks, the ravings of the sea.  
Yet, O our fathers, how your hands were stayed!  
The Pilgrim's God was with you — ye were un-  
dismayed!

### **II.**

And we, the scions of a gentler age,  
The latest birth of slow-maturing Time —



## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Shall we be heirs of that high heritage,  
Partakers of that legacy sublime,  
And not be sharers of their solemn vow —  
Those forest-conquering heroes, dauntless,  
free,  
By the long, treacherous cape which, then as  
now,  
With gaunt, crook'd finger beckoned to the  
sea?  
Tell us, ye stars, that watched their lonely fires,  
Yea, watch each generation as it runs —  
The witness of their prayers, and our desires  
High as their own — say, are we not their  
sons?  
Shall not the virtues which have made them  
great  
Rule, animate, enthrall our hearts, control our  
State?

### III.

Thou art the rough nurse of a hero-brood,  
New England, and their mighty limbs by  
thee  
Were fashioned — they, the bards, the warriors  
rude,  
Whom Time hath dowered with fame imper-  
ishably.

## Love Triumphant

---

But not alone for this I love thee; I  
On thy bare mother-breast have laid my head,  
And drunk the cool, deep silence, while the sky,  
Confederate of my joy, laughed o'er my bed.  
Thus have I lain till half I seemed a part —  
In my clairvoyant mood — of Nature's plan;  
The very landscape crept into my heart,  
And they were one — the sense, the soul, of  
man;  
My kinship with life's myriad forms I knew: —  
Worms in the world of green, wings in the world  
of blue!

#### IV.

Nor less I loved thee in those hours of blight  
When winter fell upon thee like a sleep;  
Again I watch along the drifted white  
The dark triangle of the snow-plough sweep,  
Behold the oxen draw the creaking sled,  
Hear the sharp sleet rehearse upon the pane,  
See the wise village prophets shake the head  
While through the elms the witless winds com-  
plain.  
Ah, in those hours, O native hills! I know  
Alert beneath thy guise of seeming dead  
The roots are warm, the saps of summer flow,  
The wings of immortality are bred!

## Love Triumphant

---

In all things reigns one immanent Control:  
The life beneath the snow, the Life within my  
soul!

### v.

Then hail, ye hills! like rough-hewn temples  
set,  
With granite beams, upon this earth of God!  
Austerer halls of worship never yet  
Had feet of Puritan or Pilgrim trod:  
Abrupt Chocorua, Greylock's hoary height,  
Katahdin, with her peak of bare, scarr'd  
stone,  
Sloping Monadnock, and, in loftier flight,  
Thou, rising to the eternal heavens, alone —  
Thy Sun-wooded sisters, less divinely proud,  
Bribed to compliance by their suitor's gold —  
Thou, wrapt in thy stern drapery of a cloud,  
Chaste, passionless, inviolably cold,  
Mount Washington! sky-shouldering, freedom-  
crowned,  
Compatriot with the windy blue above, around!

### vi.

And hail, ye waters! whether, mountain-locked,  
The timid lake shines in the valley's palm,

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Where strident human discord never mocked  
    With alien clamor the primeval calm;  
Or whether streams insistent to the sea  
    Urge their impatient way, till far behind  
The hills are left, and, black with industry,  
    Through long, low meadow-lands their path  
    they wind.  
O'er stream and lake alike the slight canoe,  
    Artful though forest-born, once found its  
    course,  
By dark hands guided which the war-axe  
    knew —  
    Hands skilled in dexterous craft and fearless  
    force.  
Now by those waters blue the warriors sleep;  
The still heights taciturn the destined secret  
    keep!

### **vii.**

Perished that forest-nurtur'd race; the winds  
    Have scattered past recall their nameless dust.  
Forerunners they of more heroic kinds,  
    The harsh Fates slew them, but the Fates were  
    just.  
Thou more intrepid brood! these hills were  
    thine  
    Which had been theirs, O valiant elder band!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Let us in our unventurous ease, supine,  
Spare those a thought who met the time's demand,  
Ploughed these unwilling plains, these woodlands cleared,  
The sons of God because the sons of Toil,  
Who in this wilderness their temples reared,  
But knew no shrine more sacred than their soil.  
When tyranny this freeman breed defied,  
Through the hot lips of merciless cannon they replied!

### **viii.**

Who was it, when the British thunders broke,  
And Western Conquest staggered to her fall —  
Who was it then unchained the tyrant-yoke?  
Oh, answer, memory-haunted Faneuil Hall!  
And when our North was menaced by her foes,  
Blind with the lust of gold, deaf as the sea,  
Though bondsmen plead for pity, who arose  
And sundered first those shackles — who but thee?  
All-sheltering as a mother, thou didst stand,  
New England, with thine arms outstretch'd  
to save;

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Europe, the prairied West, on either hand,  
And, clinging to thy garment's hem, the slave!  
And shall we love thee less whom, at thy shrine,  
Our sires pledged in their hearts' best blood —  
that costliest wine?

### IX.

Nay! though we wander where against the sky  
The sun-burnt leagues of low plain stretch  
away,  
Or where on silver coasts the warm waves sigh  
And green, palm-crown'd Decembers vie with  
May,  
We still are thine; and in our sad, fond dream,  
They rest again — these weary feet that  
roam:  
We see the farm, the orchard, and the stream,  
And, rising to the heavens, the hills of home.  
The quest of gain has called us from thy breast,  
Our common mother! but the noisy mart  
Can never drown the inner voice of rest;  
The child's pure peace still harbors in our  
heart.  
Though far our footsteps stray, though years  
be long,  
The kindred loves of home and truth shall keep  
us strong!

V.

“He strikes a hundred lyres, a thousand strings,  
Yet one at heart are all the songs he sings.”





## Love Triumphant

---

### A SONG OF DESIRE

THOU dreamer with the million moods,  
Of restless heart like me,  
Lay thy white hands against my breast  
And cool its pain, O Sea!

O wanderer of the unseen paths,  
Restless of heart as I,  
Blow hither, from thy caves of blue,  
Wind of the healing sky!

O treader of the fiery way,  
With passionate heart like mine,  
Hold to my lips thy healthful cup  
Brimmed with its blood-red wine!

O countless watchers of the night,  
Of sleepless heart like me,  
Pour your white beauty in my soul,  
Till I grow calm as ye!

O sea, O sun, O wind and stars,  
(O hungry heart that longs!)  
Feed my starved lips with life, with love,  
And touch my tongue with songs!

## Lobe Triumphant

---

### A SONG OF MEMORY

WHEN the frosts are pale with malice,  
When the hoarse northeasters blow,  
When the clouds are gray and heartless,  
And the roads are faint with snow, —  
Suddenly the gale grows silent,  
Till the white world swims to view,  
And the hush and mystery hold me  
That those farmhouse evenings knew.

When the meanest branch is vocal,  
When the blue is thick with wings,  
And the voice of lad and lover  
One with every throat that sings,  
Then the deathless summers waken,  
And my fingers lose the pen,  
While the stern Past lends me faces  
It can never give again.

When the frost has come with banners  
And has captured every hill,  
When the staunchest flower has perish'd,  
And forsaken boughs are still;

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Then old memories lead me backward  
Down lost roadways brown and wild,  
Where 'twas rapture to be living,  
Where 'twas heaven to be a child.

## **Love Triumphant**

---

### **THE GLIMPSE**

**H**OW often I have seen in city streets  
Some woman's face, with eyes so like the  
sky

One looks to see a bird's wing brush the blue,  
With lips arched like the veriest bow of love,  
And hair that falls a glory round her brow ;  
And yet within, beneath, behind it all,  
Have spied, with that intenser sight, my soul,  
Such hungry longings feeding on themselves  
As would shame Famine — o'er the iron song  
Of wheels and hoofs, have heard with spirit ear,  
Undeafen'd by an instant sympathy,  
The tears of all the mothers of the world.

## Love Triumphant

---

### TO MOTHER NATURE

NATURE, in thy largess, grant  
I may be thy confidant!  
Taste who will life's roadside cheer  
(Tho' my heart doth hold it dear —  
Song and wine and trees and grass,  
All the joys that flash and pass),  
I must put within my prayer  
Gifts more intimate and rare.  
Show me how dry branches throw  
Such blue shadows on the snow, —  
Tell me how the wind can fare  
On his unseen feet of air, —  
Show me how the spider's loom  
Weaves the fabric from her womb, —  
Lead me to those brooks of morn  
Where a woman's laugh is born, —  
Let me taste the sap that flows  
Through the blushes of a rose,  
Yea, and drain the blood which runs  
From the heart of dying suns, —  
Teach me how the butterfly  
Guessed at immortality, —

## **Love Triumphant**

---

Let me follow up the track  
Of Love's deathless Zodiac  
Where Joy climbs among the spheres  
Circled by her moon of tears, —  
Tell me how, when I forget  
All the schools have taught me, yet  
I recall each trivial thing  
In a golden, far-off Spring, —  
Give me whispered hints how I  
May instruct my heart to fly  
Where the baffling Vision gleams  
Till I overtake my dreams,  
And the impossible be done  
When the Wish and Deed grow one!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE SEA

COME down with me to the moon-led sea,  
Where the long wave ebbs and fills.  
Are these the tides that follow  
As the lunar impulse wills?

Nay, rather this is the heart of God,  
Naked under the sky,  
And we hear its pulse with wonder —  
The shore, and the clouds, and I!

Unearthly, awful, uncompelled,  
Eternity framed in clay,  
The urge of exhaustless passions,  
Rocking beneath the gray!

Its life is the blood of the universe  
Through cosmic arteries hurled,  
With the throb of its giant pulses  
God feeds the veins of the world!

And the lands are wrinkled and gray with time  
And scored with a thousand scars,  
But the sea is the soul of the Infinite,  
Swinging beneath the stars!

## Lobe Triumphant

---

### THE WAVERLEY OAKS

(The famous Waverley Oaks, in Waverley Massachusetts, are probably the oldest in America. Professor Agassiz estimated the age of one of the group at about a thousand years.)

**H**OW many a fruitful season ye have  
known, —

The planting, and the scything, and the  
sheaves!

While races throve and died, ye tower'd alone,  
Shedding the centuries lightly as your leaves.

Shielding from tempest's wrath each trustful  
nest

That asks a shelter from the heat or rain,  
Wrestling with winds that wound Earth's inno-  
cent breast,

Huge athletes, gnarled, storm-wounded, yet  
unslain!

Contemptuous of decay, ye watched them  
pass —

The days unwarmed by smiles, unwet by  
tears,

When o'er the forests and the unshorn grass,  
Suns rose and waned on lone, primeval years;



## **Love Triumphant**

---

Then came through gates of birth each strange,  
new guest —

Poor, helpless babes that, since that distant  
morn,

In human cradles or on Nature's breast,  
Have lived their moment 'neath your genial  
scorn.

Yes, ye have watched the generations die  
After their little day of mirth and toil,  
And still stretch forth your brawny arms on  
high,  
Gigantic guardians of New England soil!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **THE APRIL BOY**

**A**S I went through the April-world  
To watch my violets blow,  
I met a child I long had loved  
Whose heart was clean as snow.

“Come hither, little White-of-Soul,  
Now tell me how you fare!”  
He ran to me, he sprang at me,  
The sun was in his hair.

His eyes were laughing like his lips,  
He had an April look,  
His feet were wet as ocean shells  
From wading in the brook.

And Nature, too, became a child;  
As far as eye could see  
The world was one big romping-ground  
For Earth, the Boy, and Me!

I quite forgot my violets,  
His eyes were both so blue,  
His merry lips that press'd my own  
Were mayflowers moist with dew;

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

And as we took the road to town,  
The little lad and I,  
He seemed to hold the whole of Spring  
And brush the Winter by.

The birds all knew him, that I'm sure,  
They ne'er sang thus for me;  
The budding branches seemed to reach  
To kiss each dimpled knee.

And when I left him near his home,  
"Good-by, big man," he said;  
"Good-by, Sir April," I returned, —  
He shouted, laughed, and fled.

## Lobe Triumphant

---

### A SONG OF SAILING

**A**T last the loud wind rounds with health  
The lean cheek of our sail,  
The scourging brine is all our wealth,  
But homeward leads the trail, —  
All hail!

Ah, soon the harbor buoy and bar,  
And soon the face that waits,  
The crowded docks, the lighthouse star,  
And welcoming garden gates,  
My mates!

Our stout boat rams the towering waves  
That hide heaven's windy dome,  
The menace of their fury braves,  
And tossing them to foam,  
Steers home!

Her old patch'd topsail curves once more,  
Gray as a sea-bird's wing,  
With breeze astern, she seeks the shore  
Swift as a living thing —  
Then sing: —

## **Love Triumphant**

---

*Land ho! land ho! the surf's in sight,  
The soft beach shines like snow;  
From out To-day has been our flight  
Into the Long Ago! —  
Land ho!*

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **TO A BROKEN SEA - SHELL**

**O** LIPS that passionate waves have kissed  
In every sea ;  
Cast on the shore, what have you left  
Save memory?

Small wonder that ye whispered long  
Of lost delights,  
Those storms beneath the tropic sky —  
Those nights, those nights!

But now although thy years of song,  
Dear shell, are past,  
'Tis only since some careless foot  
Crushed thee at last.

Long prisoned in thy slender throat  
What glorious tone!  
O poet of the waves, thy fate  
How like mine own!

The waters of love's sea are salt  
With passionate tears,  
And my wild heart was tossed like thee,  
Long years, long years!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Now cast upon the unheeding shore  
    It sings the Past,  
And ever must, unless, like thee,  
    It breaks at last!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE THIEF

WITH all his purple spoils upon him  
Creeps back the plunderer Sea,  
Deep in his rayless caves he plunges,  
Fed full with robbery;

His caverns filled with dead men's treasure,  
With coins and bones and pearl;  
For curtains and for golden carpet,  
The hair of some drowned girl!

O bandit with the white-plumed horsemen,  
Raiding a thousand shores,  
Thy coffers crammed with spars and anchors  
And wave-defeated oars!

I hear again thine ancient laughter,  
Thy mirthful, mad unrest,  
Yet catch the notes of shame and torture  
Within thy bravest jest.

For lo! there is a Hand that holds thee  
And curbs thy proudest wave,  
Thy boundaries have been set forever —  
Thou art thyself a slave!



## **Love Triumphant**

---

The lash is given to wild taskmasters!  
Thy lips may foam with wrath,  
Still moons shall call and thou must follow,  
Still winds shall scourge thy path!

O impotent thief! I scorn thy pillage,  
Marauder of pale coasts!  
The brigands whom I dread are fiercer  
Than thou and all thy hosts!

For Death hath stolen friend and comrade,  
Love robbed the heart of rest,  
Sin snared a soul, while thou wast hoarding  
Some sailor's treasure-chest.

O braggart, laughing o'er thy booty,  
Boast on till days are done,  
And the frail star where thou disportest  
Hath dropped into the sun!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE KINGDOM OF THE SUNRISE

WHEN God had plough'd New England  
with a glacier  
And made it ready to be sown with man,  
He flung no mightier seed throughout these  
valleys  
Than, long before, across thy heights,  
Japan!

Men filled with dreams and daring, dark, in-  
trepid,  
Men who had learn'd to labor and to pray;  
We in our arrogance have called them pagans,  
Because they climb'd tow'rd Truth a different  
way.

But when they sat within the doors of daybreak,  
Offering all lands the fruits of Orient toil,  
They roused the jealous wrath which hurl'd  
upon them  
The sons of conquest and the slaves of spoil!

Whatever name be Thine, O Infinite Sower,  
Brahm, Buddha, Christ, according to our  
creed,

## **Love Triumphant**

---

Rescue these fields that Thou thyself hast  
planted! —

From the despoiler save Thy scattered seed!

O Dweller beyond Suns, O Throned in Silence!  
Look down on these loud conflicts — bid them  
cease!

Speed the great ends of love on Earth forever,  
And pluck this vulture from the heart of  
Peace!

*June, 1904.*

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **THE MAN - CHILD**

**F**ROM the loins that know no languor,  
From the womb of the Divine,  
When the lords of flame and tempest  
Met to found my kingly line,

Lo! I sprang, a child celestial,  
While the earth was still a coal  
Lighted at the white-hot brazier  
Where the sun evolved his soul.

Thus I came and pass'd; the spaces  
Drank my spirit like a breath,  
Till, new-moulded, reincarnate,  
I defied the gods of Death,

And upon this cooling planet  
Through the gates of birth I press'd,  
With the wonder of the memory  
Of the Universal Breast.

Myriad forms that Mind hath fashioned  
Out of dust to serve its needs  
I am clad withal; I worship  
And revile through all the creeds.

## **Love Triumphant**

---

Harlot, vestal, saint, and pagan  
Blent their strains within my blood,  
Beast and serpent, slain and slayer,  
Monsters of the cosmic flood.

I have scourged with every tyrant,  
I have knelt at every shrine,  
I hold Sodom for my revel,  
I drink Egypt for my wine!

I am born of perfect women,  
I am come of stalwart males,  
I was nursed at Helen's bosom,  
I have followed viking sails!

In my veins the Russ and Tartar,  
In my blood the Gaul and Hun,  
Corinth's lust and Sidon's barter,  
And Sahara's leagues of sun!

All the deities man worships,  
All dark shades of the abyss,  
Lent their fury to my anger,  
Lent their passion to my kiss.

When the poet's flame within me  
Leaps, as in the years that were,

## **Love Triumphant**

---

Lesbos lures and Sappho calls me,  
And my feet must follow her!

When the lover's pulse beats fiercely  
In my wrists and throat and face,  
It is Cleopatra holds me  
In the storm of her embrace!

All Parnassus in one stanza,  
All of Egypt in one day,  
All the blue breadth of Nyanza,  
All the hot miles of Cathay!

Thou whose red mouth is the beaker  
Whence I quaff such drowsy wine,  
Fear thou not this heart tempestuous,  
Though it beat so loud on thine.

Fear thou not these rude, firm muscles!  
They were sculptured worlds ago,  
When the gods of light and darkness  
Struggled for this star below!

Kiss me, lips, and grow undying!  
Passionate bosom, closer lean!  
I, the son of all the cycles,  
Thus at last will crown thee queen!—

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Sovereign o'er these quivering sinews,  
Tameless save to thy control —  
Thou who wieldest with thy beauty  
All the sceptre of my soul!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **TO A LOCOMOTIVE AT NIGHT**

**O** CYCLOPS with the one terrific eye,  
Charging upon me from thy cave, the  
Dark,

With monstrous brawn and fleetness, nude and  
stark,  
Breathing thy futile wrath against the sky —  
Fierce giant of the rails, malign and sly!

As some gigantic missile toward its mark,  
Straight toward the heart of night and si-  
lence — hark!

Thou roarest through the blackness, Death's  
ally!

With parched, hot lips upraised to sunless space,  
Drinking great distances with thirst un-  
quenched,

Panting with the mad fury of thy flight,  
Like some huge athlete with his hands hard  
clenched

At either side running thy desperate race,  
Thou vanishest down the track into the  
night!



## Lobe Triumphant

---

### THE CHILD WHO WENT AWAY

'T WAS here that it wander'd over the keys,  
Her dear hand brown and small,  
A lover would swear it was white as these,  
But it wasn't white at all, —  
By boating toughen'd, in hammocks tann'd,  
Yes — blister'd by racquets — the childish  
hand.

The quaint pianoforte was small,  
Old-fashioned and out of tune,  
But her fingers fell as the petals fall  
In the gentlest wind of June,  
And the wondering keys at the soft command  
Gave all they knew to the dear brown hand ;

Till, lost in the music made by her,  
The whole room grew less staid,  
The haircloth furniture seemed to stir,  
And Grandmother's stiff brocade  
Appeared to walk from the great gilt frame  
And curtsy and dance for the little dame.

But at last the child's warm hand grew thin,  
And the white soul fled above,

## Love Triumphant

---

Like a younger sister the girl had been,  
My love was a brother's love,  
Yet a glory was gone from the gray old farm,  
And the rocky pastures had lost their charm.

And my boat rocks idly here by the bank,  
And the hammock whispers "Come,"  
And the keys still wait in a patient rank  
Though their small white throats are dumb, —  
And if I touch them they only say:  
"Come back, come back from that far away!"

And the lilac-bush shades the low south room  
Just as it did of old,  
And the butterfly, deep in the milkweed's bloom,  
Is poising on wings of gold;  
But nothing is glad, while all is gay —  
The soul of the summer has slipped away.

Yet look! your lilies are blooming, dear,  
Your roses climb the wall,  
And waiting for you in the garden here  
Are wicket, mallet, and ball,  
And your banjo stares with its sad round face,  
Mocking us all from its hiding-place.

O child! do your dear hands never tire  
Of holding the harp of gold?

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

When you hear us sing in the village choir  
The songs that you loved of old,  
And our voices break — ah then, ah then,  
Don't you almost wish to be back again?

## Love Triumphant

---

### OUR FRIEND

I KNOW not whether she be fair,  
If blue her eyes or gold her hair;  
I have not marked her features well —  
Her spirit casts too strong a spell.

Even in wintry frost and sleet,  
If one but pass her on the street,  
Though all the town be wrapp'd in furs,  
A sense of warmth and April stirs.

Her lips may be as soft as those  
The bee is proffered by the rose —  
I do not know; but this I'm sure:  
They smile alike on rich and poor.

Her ear may be so fine a fleck  
It scarce casts shadow on her neck;  
I only know 'tis not too small  
To listen when the needy call.

I know not if her hand be white,  
Or if her foot be arched and slight;  
Her feet will run to carry aid,  
Her hand shower blessings unrepaid.

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

If she should die, some brush might trace  
The maiden's comeliness or grace;  
But most could only strive, ah yes,  
Somehow to fill the loneliness.

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE CLOSED GENTIAN

SEE what one breath of August did —  
Rebuke to persevering Art! —  
With every maiden mystery hid,  
This perfect face, this virgin heart!

Refusing to the wanton bee  
Those lips that innocence hath sealed,  
A type of rustic chastity  
That smiles and serves but will not yield.

Thou standest, gentle flower, beside  
The homely road, the common way,  
Wearing thy beauty without pride  
Till dust and time have turned it gray.

## Love Triumphant

---

### TO POETRY

**T**HOU higher Truth, Love's sister, Wonder's  
bride!

O larger Science with the God-turned face!  
Clasp my cold heart to thy supreme embrace  
Until my blood flow through me like a tide,  
And my sad, pulseless soul grow deified  
With the divinest currents of the race;  
I stand upon this wandering star in space  
And pray thy coming, though all worlds divide!

Behold! I feel thy lips upon mine own  
Often, O Goddess, till thy wings sweep by  
And leave my spirit passionless as a nun's;  
Then, ere I quite despair, gray Ocean's moan  
Resummons thee, or some red smouldering sky  
With mountain summits dipp'd in dying  
suns!

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

### **DESIRE**

**P**RAY, who's this captive I have caged?  
Is her name Desire?  
Ay! and Midnight is her mother,  
And her father — Fire!

In my heart's red chamber  
How her fierce wings stir,  
As though old memories moved her,  
And the far home call'd to her.

She was born where stars were straying  
Through the lost ways of the sky;  
And I thought to make her prisoner —  
But the prisoner is I!

For she spurns my silly shackles  
When the wild mood fires her breast,  
And I needs must follow, follow,  
Down the wing-paths of the west: —

Then, straight up the walls of wonder,  
Till we vanish in the blue,  
Till (oh, look!) the largest ocean  
Dwindles to a drop of dew, —



## Love Triumphant

---

Till at last upon my forehead  
Night's hot zenith burns a kiss,  
And the earth becomes a glow-worm  
Twinkling through the black abyss.

Then my captor leads me gently  
Homeward down the Milky Way,  
Shuts herself within her cloister, —  
But the key is thrown away!

## Love Triumphant

---

### THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY

O, YOU left her arms so early, lusting for  
the hurly-burly  
Of the huge, grim, grinning town;  
But the wander-fever died, and your weary  
spirit cried,  
Where the love of Earth, the Mother, hunts  
us down;  
Where the ledgers lay so high that they hurt  
the aching eye,  
While the worried brain toiled without rest,  
O, then the Country called you, and her dear old  
sights enthralled you,  
And you longed to weep once more upon her  
breast.  
Don't you hear the voice from afar, dear boy,  
Hear it wherever you roam? —  
Loud on your track, "Come back, come  
back,  
Back to the hills of home!"

Where the mocking whistles bluster, and the  
monstrous chimneys cluster,  
And the mad looms curse and brawl,

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Where the human torrent pours, weak and  
wretched from the doors,

Don't you hear again the patient Mother  
call?

There's a whisper in your ear of the sounds that  
once were dear —

Browsing cattle, barking dogs, bragging  
cocks;

O, the hungry horses neighing, O, the odors of  
the haying,

O, the company and comfort of the flocks!

Yes, you hear the voice where the city  
roars

Through its narrow banks and high,

Wherever you roam, "Come home, come  
home,

Home to my arms to die!"

Through the haste and fret of trade comes the  
dream that cannot fade,

Of the never-laboring leisure of the ox,

Of the purple shadows deep, basking on the  
roofs asleep,

Of the permanence and patience of the rocks!

Boy, forget the blistering street where the flag-  
gings burn your feet;

Boy, forget the ugly trolley's vulgar song;

## **Lobe Triumphant**

---

Still remains the land of wonder, — blue skies  
over, green earth under,  
Where the fainting soul again grows swift  
and strong;  
Still comes the cry of the Long Ago,  
Of the Far-away-in-the-Past,  
“Here be your rest, my breast, my breast,  
Back on my breast at last!”

THE END.

2  
11  
K  
3  
2



